

# THE MIRROR

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WEEKLY  
JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE  
INTERESTS OF  
THINKING  
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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# The Mirror.

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**WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor**

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### IN THE HIGHER BOHEMIA.

**A**CCEDING to the wishes of a number of persons who enjoyed the anonymous serial that ran through the MIRROR this summer, the publisher of this paper will issue shortly an attractive edition of that remarkable novel,

#### "THE IMITATOR."

The book is generally understood to be a key novel; that is, the characters chiefly figuring in the story are supposed to be thinly disguised portraits of distinguished, conspicuous, or notorious public personages. In this case a startling study of a society celebrity is supposed to be an analysis, or rather a merciless vivisection, of that weird and wonderful creature, Harry Lehr, whose antics have long amused and amazed the swell set of Gotham. A presentation, in this book, of a society novelist is guessed by the initiated to have reference particularly to the individuality of the distinguished Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, once of Chicago. But probably the most poignantly interesting treatment of an involved, intricate, unexpected and peculiar individuality is that of the great actor whose personality is temporarily usurped by the hero of the novel. There is a depth to this study that is wonderful. The character is that of a man singularly like Mr. Richard Mansfield, and in its delineation the most satisfactory of all attempts to explain the mystery that is Mansfield is made by the author. The three living personages thus analyzed are

public characters and the public will be interested to see the hidden springs of their being revealed. Aside from these character studies, the story-satire is full of clever, searching, smart criticism upon society, art, the stage, literature. There are several passages of love-making that are done in the finest style of the epigrammatic mood. All in all, THE IMITATOR is such a novel as has not been written before in this country. It is excessively up-to-date, and its tone is exactly that of the mad, antic world of the higher Bohemia, where Society and Letters and Art mix in a strange hodge-podge of brilliantly exotic artificiality.

Needless to say that the workmanship in the book-making will be of the best and up to the superior quality of the story-satire itself. The author chooses for the present, at least, to remain anonymous.

### THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

**T**HE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the MIRROR will be issued December 12th. It will be better than former Christmas issues, and that is saying a great deal. The special colored cover will be a work of art which most readers will wish to preserve. The contributions are of a superior order of excellence. The contributors make a most distinguished company. The CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be sent to regular subscribers without extra cost. It will be sold on the streets and at news stands at 10 cents per copy.

### THANKSGIVING.

BY W. M. R.

**L**ET us be thankful. Why? Well, for one reason, because it is the season in which we are expected to be thankful. It's a good thing to have to fall in line with the rest of the world in such matters. It's like eating at meal time whether you're particularly hungry or not. It's a very good habit, that of thankfulness. And really now, there's a lot of things to be thankful for, if you will try to find them out, and you don't have to try hard either. Not even if you are sorely smitten and sit in shadow and amid ashes of rosy hopes and dreams.

As citizens we have found in National grief a flowering of something of joy. We have beheld the Chief of the Nation die in a manner that clothed death with the radiance of hope. We have felt the Nation staggered by a blow that, passing from horror at first, was found to be only a proof of the stability of our institutions. We have cause for thanksgiving that the Nation did not lose its head, that it did not turn from Law even to meet a condition of menacing lawlessness. We have noted the sweetly dignified passage of one Chief Magistrate and the accession of another who realizes in his personality a very great deal of the highest character of the man and the citizen, who stands fearlessly independent of and opposed to every influence of politics that makes for the persistence of low ideals. We can and must give thanks for President Roosevelt and for his strenuousness in support of everything that builds a nobler statesmanship than one based upon venal opportunism and upon selfishness and cowardly expediency.

For prosperity we should all be thankful, for, though prosperity may not have reached everyone, it is undeniably true that present conditions are such as to give to the greater number of the people of this country more of the material comforts of life than were obtainable a few years ago. There are some spots on the sun of prosperity, it is true, but those spots seem in a fair way to disappear as the

result of legislation in the near future against the special privileges which necessarily take from the many to give to the favored few.

We ought to be thankful for the results of such revolts against vice as the victory over Tammany in New York City, for the reform revolution in our own town, for the general awakening everywhere in the shape of movements for cleaner and more beautiful municipalities.

Some of us may have been stricken sorely by the loss of those dear to us. Well, the world is for the living and not for the dead. The best we can do for the dead we loved is to live as they would have had us live—up to the best there is in us. We can with wisdom be thankful for grief, for grief is nothing if not purifying and it surely adds to our gift of vision and gives us a wider synthesis in our view of life. It brings out more clearly to our sight the things that really matter, and they are not material things. Whatever death may be to the dead it is an awakening to those whom death has left lonely, and it is an awakening, above all things else, to the high duty of sane cheerfulness. There is nothing for the departed or for the world or for ourselves in moaning and moping. It is only a selfishness of pity for ourselves. Those of us who face life squarely must face death the same way and, doing so, we shall find it not so fearsome after all. We should be thankful that we can remember and that we can regret things done that should not have been done, the things undone that should have been done. We should be as thankful for night as for day, for snow as for roses, for tears as for smiles, for death as for life. For death cannot rob us of the joys we have had.

This is the time to put aside pessimism of every sort and to be thankful for the possibilities that life holds out to us all of doing something worthy. If any pessimism be permissible it is only this, that if it be wisdom to look only for the worst of it from Fate or Providence, it is courage to make the best of it when it comes.

There is no living person who cannot be thankful, and to be rightly thankful is to put our thanks into good works. This world is very good. The next can hardly be worse and, if there be anything in evolution, it is bound to be better by the natural process of progressive amelioration. There is no logic in despair. There is no help in complaining. There is work to be done. It can only be well done in a spirit of affirming the good, in a spirit of faith in betterment. If we will work we shall be happy and make for the happiness of others, and there is cause for thanksgiving in everything if we can bring ourselves to complete assent that all our fellow beings are very much like ourselves and, being so, are worthy of our sympathy and love. Work and love, love in work and work for love—there we have the secret of as near an approach to happiness as we may attain here. In those two we have faith and hope and sweet memory enshrined and for such gifts of the Spirit that is over all, we must be thankful.

To whomsoever asks us for what we should be thankful, then, the answer is: for everything, even for sorrow, even for death that comes at the end of the full draught of life to give it the last fine flavor of experience, and then—rest. *Deo gratias.*

### WORLD'S FAIR POSTPONEMENT.

BY W. M. R.

**T**O the loud query whether the World's Fair will be held in 1903, the officers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition have made answer officially.

The officers say, through the National Commission, that the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1901, requires



## The Mirror

that the exposition shall be *formally* opened to the public on April 30, 1903."

The National Commission declares that "the president of the exposition company has notified the commission that no necessity exists, nor is any necessity anticipated, for postponement."

The secretary of the National Commission has been "directed to notify all persons who may inquire, and to give notice to the public at large, through the press, that *the law requires* that the exposition be *formally opened* to the public on April 30, 1903, and that no effort has been made, nor is any contemplated, looking to a postponement of the *opening* of the exposition."

The italics are the MIRROR'S, and there you are! The answer to the question, whether we shall have a World's Fair in 1903, is evaded by a quibble.

The World's Fair will be *formally opened* April 30th, 1903, but that doesn't mean we shall have a Fair in 1903. The formal opening, with ceremonies of an appropriate character, will fulfil the requirements of the law and validate the bonds issued for the Exposition. The Fair can be closed until any given date, immediately after the opening.

The World's Fair cannot now be held in 1903, and every member of the Board of Directors knows it. Mr. Adolphus Busch spoke the truth when he returned from Europe, and said the Fair must be postponed. And now the Fair managers issue a hair-splitting proclamation "to save their faces."

Not only will Congress be asked to postpone the holding of the Fair, after a formal opening, but Congress will be asked for more money for the Fair—how much has not yet been determined upon. The additional sum to be asked may be a half million dollars or it may be a million dollars. The quibble between postponing the Fair and postponing the formal opening will not help the Fair to get the extra money.

In fact the Fair management will go up against much trouble. The Republican Congress will be cognizant of the rumor that the Fair is being "worked" for certain Democratic political ends. The Republican Congress and some Republican members of the National Commission will want to know if Republicans are to be shut out of all the patronage of the Fair. It will be asked whether the Fair is the mask, as many people have alleged, of a Presidential or even a Senatorial boom for somebody. Quibbling, hair-splitting, "slick" evasions, tricky proclamations, like the one issued a few days ago repudiating postponement, are calculated to make people suspect the motives of men who pursue such methods.

And when the Fair asks Congress for more money, what will happen? Some one will arise and inquire how much more of the \$5,000,000 appropriation was expended in a manner similar to that of the bestowal of \$15,000 upon the Democratic boss boodler, Ed Butler, to stuff the ballot-boxes for the passage of the Charter Amendments. The Congress is apt to inquire into the gift to Ed Butler, especially as the work of the Butler "Indians" in the stuffing of ballots in National elections is a matter at issue in a contest before Congress. How much of the additional money to be asked of Congress is to go to help Ed Butler carry other elections, or to help him smash Harry Hawes' revolt against the Butler tyranny? Is Congress appropriating money to corrupt the ballot? Is a Republican Congress appropriating money to help a swollen pirate of Democracy in St. Louis suppress a young gentleman who opposes the pirate's schemes to wreck a reform administration? Is an out-and-out civil service reform President going to stand for the gift of more money to boodlers from the World's Fair funds? Not unless the country has been utterly mistaken in President Theodore Roosevelt.

The formal opening of the Fair will take place on the day announced. No one doubts that; but every man who knows anything of the nature of the work to be done to make a great World's Fair knows that the holding of a World's Fair "full, rounded and complete" in 1903 is a physical impossibility. It is beyond the reach of money and men, because there is a point at which the number of

men upon a given work impedes the work rather than puts it forward. It is beyond human probability that the foreign nations will be ready to exhibit by the date set for the opening. These are facts that cannot be denied, and one wonders why the Fair magnates should issue proclamations, in the tone and spirit of the prophecies of the *Witches* in "Macbeth," which are so framed that they shall "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." Such things impair public confidence in the general good faith of the management, and if the managers are confronted with grave difficulties before Congress in the future they will have only themselves to blame. They have escaped criticism for some time, but their very methods of holding off criticism are certain to bring them to condemnation for deeds done in overweening satisfaction over their own impeccability.

The Fair management makes a mistake in faking. They should remember what Lincoln said about fooling the people. They should stop issuing proclamations that dodge issues and they should never have "coughed up the dough" to Ed Butler for the stuffing through of the Charter Amendments. The great enterprise must not be a skull-dugger's Fair.

### REFLECTIONS.

#### Miss Crossman

ARE the trust-haters flocking this week to the Grand Opera House in this city and thereby lending their support to a little woman who is fighting the great theatrical octopus? Hardly. The audiences have been distinctly fashionable and, inferentially, plutocratic. They are more appreciative of the little woman's fine fight than the people who declaim against trusts, but will not give a nickel to one almost hopelessly arrayed against them. The common people are an ungrateful lot to those who fight their battles. There would be some reason for popular neglect of Miss Crossman in her struggle if she were appealing for support as an artist on the adventitious circumstance that she happened to stand for a politico-socio-economic principle, but she does nothing of the kind. She is an artist before anything, and her acting of the role of *Nell Gwynn*, in Mr. Hazelton's play of "Mistress Nell," is something to freshen a spirit jaded with much trashy dramatic stuff. Miss Crossman's comedy is winningly hearty. Her conception of the light-o-love is altogether in accord with tradition, spontaneous, irresponsible, sympathetic, coquettish and with the grace of a natural delicacy struggling with some success against a fundamental vulgarity. Miss Crossman's role is merry in the main, a bit of a vixen, a creature whose failings of impulse lean to virtue's side even in the glamorously unvirtuous life. The orange girl, actress, king's mistress is a creature not to be tried by moral standards of which she knows nothing, and so her oaths are sweet upon her lips and her double-meanings are piquant where in another they would offend. The little fugue of tenderness that runs under her merriment is always pleading for pardon for her graceless grace of sinning. There are few passages in comedy that have such a well sustained charm of wit and wee wickedness and underlying appeal to the love of all the world for a lover as *Nell Gwynn's* doings at the *Duchess of Portsmouth's* ball in man's attire. It reminds you of *Peg Woffington* and a little of *Rosalind* touched with wilfulness. Its swagger is not of the sort to offend in association with the thought of woman. There's just enough bashfulness in the acting to redeem it from coarseness and make the merriment of the masking thoroughly infectious. Miss Crossman is not so good in other parts of the play, because the play will not permit it, but in the third act she reveals herself definitely as a great comedian, and nestles right up to your appreciation of the character that, despite its frailties, is better than a sordid environment has given you any right to expect. Supported by Mr. Joseph Kilgour and a company that is as good as though the Trust provided it, in a play with literary merit, Miss Crossman would deserve support even if she were not a sort of Joan of Arc in arms against the syndi-

cate. An evening under her spell is an evening to be reverted to often in pleasant recollection. Her impersonation of the role of *Nell Gwynn* makes you understand why the almost pruriently pure Britons have canonized her as a sort of National heroine. The people who will not go to see Miss Crossman because she fights the trust should go to see her because she is a very clever woman, with a fine figure in boots and short trousers, with a brogue of potato-and-buttermilk bouquet, with an air that comes straight from the Merry Monarch's very merry times. Her artistic graces are of the sort that business oppression cannot obscure or nullify. She is as approvable for her genius as for her principles and her courage.

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#### The President and the Army

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT continues to disconcert the red-tape contingent in every department of government. He has put a stop to army "hothouse promotions." The system of hothouse promotions is explained lucidly by that excellent paper, the *Rochester Post-Express*. An officer who will retire in a few months because of his attainment to the age limit, retires before he reaches that limit. The officer just below him is promoted to the vacancy. Although some time may pass before he will have to retire, he asks that he be retired before the limit is reached. In consequence, the officers below him are moved up. The object of the practice is to enable officers that would, on account of their age, be obliged, in the natural course of events, to retire with the pay of a superior position. The *Rochester* paper then cites this example: On October 16th, 1899, Colonel A. C. M. Pennington was appointed brigadier-general of regulars. On October 16th, he was retired at his own request. On the same day Colonel Royal T. Frank was appointed to the vacancy. He was retired on the following day at his own request, and on the same day Colonel Louis H. Carpenter was appointed to the vacancy. Brigadier-General Carpenter retired on the 19th, at his own request, and Colonel Samuel Overshine was appointed to the vacancy. When he retired on the following day at his own request, Colonel Daniel W. Burke, who had been appointed to a colonelcy only thirty days before, was made brigadier-general. At his own request, he retired the next day, and had not the President called a halt, the vacancy would have been filled by another hothouse promotion, and the imposition on the Government and a practical evasion of the law would have been continued. What has called attention to this practice, which is the result of an agreement among the beneficiaries of the system, who force the senior officers to retire before their time, is the retirement of Brigadier-General Robert S. Hall and Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriman, who had been forced by the officers under them to retire prematurely. President Roosevelt, while sympathizing somewhat with the attempt to provide higher positions and pay for officers that have served the Government long and faithfully, than they would have received in the natural course of events, believes that the result of the attempt is an abuse and that officers ought not to be retired until they reach the age limit. The army gnashes its teeth of course. But the President goes ahead and applies common sense and the merit system to the army. He has made Captain Crozier chief of the Ordnance Bureau over twenty-seven senior officers and he has told Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, of the National Civil Service Reform League, that the merit system will "go" in every department, but that it will rule to the utter exclusion of political considerations in the army, the navy and the colonies. This means an end to the army rings and the drift towards Mercierism and Esterhazyism. It strikes at the fossilizing tendency of the seniority rule and it throws the politicians out of the army's affairs. It encourages ability in the army and it prevents men from becoming merely half-dead figures waiting for some one above them to be wholly dead. The army needed the shaking up it is now getting. The navy needs it too. Good men will not be allowed to stagnate in either branch of the service. There will be no need for the hothouse promotion system for men who have a chance to rise by merit as Crozier has risen by virtue of his work as an



ordnance officer, his participation in the invention of wire-wrapped and disappearing guns and his general efficiency. The politicians will rage in full concert with the army "stiffs," but the President is right and the people are with him.



## X-Ray for Cancer

A Dr. John E. Gilman, of the Hahnemann Medical College, of Chicago, is getting much notoriety out of his claim that he has found a means to destroy the germs of cancer by use of the Roentgen x-ray. If Dr. Gilman were not being so much boomed there would be more tendency to believe his claim. As it is, while the proclamation of his discovery is interesting it is not wholly convincing. It has been asserted by respectable physicians that the Roentgen rays are death to germs of tuberculosis, but that assertion is not accepted as truth by the majority of the medical profession. When Dr. Gilman talks of cancer-germs there are many who believe he talks away from the facts. It is not agreed that cancer is a germ disease. A cancer is the growth of abnormal tissue in an abnormal place, or it is the development of certain cells that are out of place. A cell is something more intangible than a germ but it is different and so when Dr. Gilman speaks of a cancer-germ the bacteriologists do not agree with him. There are germs in cancer but they are thought to be effects rather than causes. Dr. Gilman maintains that the germs develop the cells, rather than that the cells develop the germs, which is both a distinction and a difference. Dr. Gilman says he has succeeded in killing the germs with the Roentgen ray, that he has arrested the growth of cancer thereby, and that he has given remedies that disintegrate the abnormal growth. The claim is a big one. If true it means that we shall have no more of the fearful cutting with the knife which has so long been the sole resource of the physicians to arrest the disease, but has never been equal to its stoppage. The suspicious thing about the Gilman discovery is the "remedies" referred to. That smacks of the advertising dodge. The MIRROR, however, would not condemn Dr. Gilman's discovery on the facts given, any more than it would approve the same. The MIRROR believes that certain physicians have done some things with cancerous growths, by means of the Roentgen rays, that are truly remarkable, but those physicians have not burst into the newspapers and announced that they have discovered a "cure." It may be that Dr. Gilman has found what the sensational newspapers assert, but it is certain that the closest students of cancer are very slow to accept his claims, while every one of them hopes that his declarations are true. Other users of the x-ray have privately effected some remarkable improvements in victims of the dread disease. That is beyond question. The great source of doubt of Dr. Gilman's claims is his method of presenting them to the public, and the newspapers rather than himself may be responsible for that method.



## Munsey

FRANK MUNSEY, having done his d—dest to magazine-dom, has now invaded daily journalism, purchasing the Washington Times. It is terrible to think that there's something worse even than Hearst.



## Tolstoy

COUNT TOLSTOY writes to the papers denying that he is dead. What an inconsistency is this in a man who preaches the doctrine of non-resistance to evil! What difference can it make to a man of Tolstoy's philosophy whether he be dead or not? He preaches a slow suicide of the individual and the race. He thinks death is best. If that be so the next best thing to being dead is to have everyone else think that one is dead. Still, as Count Tolstoy believes in his doctrine only in a Pickwickian sense, we all may congratulate him on his continued life. He may be a very poor or even a crazy philosopher, and his ideas of art may be as perverted as his philosophy, but though he isn't the kind of an artist that he thinks is the right kind of artist, he is a master artist of writing, and it

is to be hoped that it will be a long time before he shall attain to that complete denial of the will to live which he advocates in his books but which he dodges as readily as he "fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."



## A Baby

THE new Vanderbilt baby has arrived on schedule time. Babies are very good things. It is to be wished that the Vanderbilts' ready acquiescence in the coming of their baby will make babies more fashionable among the Four Hundred. The care of babies is an occupation calculated to keep the members of the Gotham aristocracy out of mischief. Babies are a good check upon the growing habit of divorce-at-the-drop-of-the-hat in swell circles. The Vanderbilt baby is not a whit better than any other baby, and no worse. It probably looks as much like a lobster as any other new arrival and has about as good a chance of remaining one as any of the others, too. Still the Vanderbilts are pretty good stock, aside from their wealth, and if the baby has any of the old Vanderbilt spirit and can have any sentiments whatever upon the matter of the silly fuss that is made over its arrival in the newspapers, those sentiments must be an echo of his ancestor's utterance when he was too closely pressed by an interviewer for information as to a private affair on the ground that the public was interested in that affair.



## The City Beautiful

THE movement for the realization of the City Beautiful is growing stronger all over the country. There is a genuine enthusiasm for it in places like Cleveland, Detroit, Springfield, Ohio, Springfield, Mass. Rochester papers have taken up the movement. In Kansas City the work of beautifying the city goes on steadily and rapidly, and the strange spectacle is witnessed of property owners actually clamoring to be taxed to maintain parks and boulevards. In Chicago the Municipal Art League, for instance, is undertaking to raise \$1,000,000, which will be expended along lines that, taken in connection with the public improvements the authorities have in hand, will, it is hoped, in ten years, make Chicago one of the most beautiful cities in the country. Senator McMillan, who is one of the most earnest workers in the Senate in favor of a "Twentieth Century Washington," has discovered that the proposed improvements have excited the greatest interest the country over. He has been to the Pacific Coast and has also been visiting other sections of the country, and everywhere he found there was both interest in and hearty approval of the proposed systematic development and embellishment of the capital. In every city in the country there is acute interest in the proposal that there shall be a typical exposition of the City Beautiful at the St. Louis World's Fair. There is less interest in this matter in St. Louis than elsewhere. There has been but small response to the efforts of the evangelists of the city beautiful here. There is a sodden, stolid conservatism here that sickened the delegation of our City Hall officials who recently went to Kansas City, and were paralyzed to behold 148 miles of asphalt streets, acres of city blocks in the heart of the town condemned for park purposes, and a flower show in the convention hall through the throngs at which the visitors forced their way with difficulty. A branch of the American League of Civic Improvement has been organized here and the newspapers of the city did not give the meetings preliminary to organization one hundred lines all told. In the editorial department of every first class paper in the country this idea of making cities beautiful is being intelligently treated—in every one of the great papers but those of St. Louis. The papers here are fighting about politics or telling how big they were last Sunday or will be next Sunday. They do not care for anything but politics. The people of this city seem hardly aware of this municipal renaissance and the daily papers are determined that the people shall not be aware of it. The apathy is simply disgusting. Nevertheless the movement will soon strike St. Louis. The intelligent stir in other cities on this subject cannot fail to affect

us here and the time will come when Mayor Wells and his official family will not look in vain for popular support of a proposition to wipe out the local ugliness and nastiness. The few who have undertaken the work here will not be discouraged. They know that the city must wake up. They know that the people are tired of cities being run for politics alone. The city dweller is beginning to look for something for the money he gives up in taxes and if he can be convinced that he will get anything by giving up more money he will gladly do so. The Washington Post discussing the general and spontaneous movement says that there is an attitude of expectant desire for the beautiful city in the public mind from Maine to California. "From all sides," that paper continues, "through the medium of the newspapers, has come a chorus of approval and such an intelligent discussion of the problem as reveals the profound local and general interest taken in such matters. As a matter of fact, the days of municipal ugliness, of civic blindness to the beautiful, are past. The American has always had a touch of the ideal in his make-up, he has ever looked beyond the bread-and-butter side of things. But particularly since the World's Fair in 1889, he has been restless to make his own city reach somewhat of the dreamland possibilities that lie in fine boulevards, connected parkways, well-ordered public buildings and monuments that are real works of art." From everywhere but St. Louis comes the approval. Here only the MIRROR and the Post-Dispatch have devoted any attention to it. Here the newspapers are afraid of the stick-in-the-muds, of the fossils and old fogies who don't want anything in public improvement that they will have to pay for. What a humiliation it is to have to acknowledge lethargy in this city, when every other city is stirring through its newspapers and public bodies towards an ideal community! The World's Fair movement here hasn't yet reached the stage of æsthetic enthusiasm. One wonders if it ever will, with the signs so evident that the main spirit of the movement is one of cheese-paring economy and the rankest sort of suppression of all idealism. The man who has no money and no scheme to make money is sat upon. He is laughed at as a dreamer. Sentiment is sneered at. Imagination is regarded as dangerous. The World's Fair crowd hasn't even winked encouragingly at the movement for the City Beautiful. The ideal City Beautiful of too many people connected with the World's Fair is a city with a plenitude of graft for the World's Fair crowd. Their first act was to ruin Forest Park by destroying over a thousand trees that should not have been destroyed. It is an evil omen of what feeling they will display for beauty as the Fair project advances further. Nevertheless, in spite of the grafters, in spite of the men who howl down the dreamers with the cry "what did you put up?" the movement for the beautifying of St. Louis will go on and the work will be done in such a way that even South and North St. Louis with their opposition to everything that calls for a little taxes, will see the benefits and join in the rejuvenation of the city. The least intelligent, the least ideal, the least æsthetic, the least progressive influences in St. Louis, however, are our daily newspapers. They stand for nothing that is outside of nasty, low, mean, contemptible, petty, putrid politics. Read their editorial pages any day and say whether this is not true. They represent the worst phases of St. Louis conservatism. They are the greatest hindrances to a new and beautiful St. Louis. They are so because they are run in the interest of the everlasting graft that is represented by the star chamber World's Fair crowd. They haven't an idea that they dare put forth until it is passed on by the Sanhedrim, of dove-tailed directories of the banks, trust companies, street railway, electric light, garbage companies as being not opposed to their interests. And the Sanhedrim, the newspapers, everybody knows that the situation is as described.



## The Pass System

THE Eastern railways seem bent upon abolishing the "free pass." Once the railroads succeed in doing this down will come passenger rates, because most of the people who



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get passes are people who have influence in politics. Cut off the passes and the politicians will pay for rides. So will the newspapers. So will the friends of those persons and institutions. Then when the cry is raised for lower passenger rates there will be no machinery to prevent the adoption of such laws. And it is not to be doubted that the change will be a good thing for everybody concerned.

### Missouri's Mess

MISSOURI has a good chance to go Republican. Phelps, the Missouri Pacific lobbyist, is at open war with ex-Governor Stone, candidate for the Senate, with Excise Commissioner Seibert, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, with John H. Carroll, the lobbyist of the Burlington, with Alex M. Dockery, the Governor of the State. Phelps has backed up a libel suit that, unless choked off, will expose all the lobby games at the Missouri Capitol for a decade. This polyhedric quarrel means the dislocation of the entire Democratic machine. Ex-Governor Stephens is putting tobasco sauce in the wounds of all Phelps' enemies. The muddle of the State's finances, as shown by the books, becomes more muddled the more attempts that are made to explain it. The Populists are sore. The silver Democrats are sore. The corporations are sore. The entire State Democratic ring is shattered into smithereens, with the fragments fighting one another. The two great cities, St. Louis and Kansas City, are split wide open in the interest of the people who want to defeat Stone for the Senate. The feud has spread to every county, to every township, in the State and if ever the Democracy was beatable it is now. And just now the Republicans have to get into a nasty wrangle over the offices. Messrs. Kerens and Hitchcock have fallen out just at the hour when they should not have done so. Between Kerens and Hitchcock there's no choice. Kerens is an absentee landlord. Hitchcock is an icicle. The people of Missouri won't stand for either one of them as bosses. Mr. Hitchcock doesn't know the State. Mr. Kerens doesn't care for the State or for his party. All he wants is to stand next the Administration and to get into the Senate. The Republicans can't win, even against a divided Democracy, under the leadership of either man. The Republicans need a leader. They need a man who is not a prig like Hitchcock, nor a player for self like Kerens. Mr. Kerens has had his chance at leadership and fozzled miserably. Mr. Hitchcock might lead a german, but he can't lead a party. Maj. Warner is played out. Some one is wanted who is young, who is not selfish, who has ideals, who has money enough to enable him to play the game without trying to make money out of it, who can get to the people. If the Republicans can get rid of the men who are now quarreling over the spoils and can put to the front a man like F. W. Blees, of Macon, they can do something in the way of carrying Missouri. If the Kerens-Hitchcock fight be not stopped and a new leader put in the van, there is no hope for a Republican Missouri, no matter how the Democrats may be split up.

### Butler vs Hawes

THIS is official. On a show-down between Ed Butler and Harry Hawes the decent people of this town, who are not interested in ventures dependent on Butler's favor, are with Hawes to a finish. Ed Butler represents the ancient and immortal cinch that shuts the young man out of politics and business in this town. Ed Butler is the tool of the close corporation that vaunts its respectability in public while Butler does its dirty work in private. Ed Butler's power has been built up by the patronage of all the influences that have preyed upon the public, whether corporation or dive-keeper. Harry Hawes stands for the young man. He stands against the old gang. He is the representative of a demand for a new deal. His offence is that he has put a check upon the Butlerian hold-up, that he has blocked the Butler game to sew up the Mayor, that he has stopped the attempt to shake-down the Jockey Club and the gamblers. Ed Butler is a man of brains, of great good humor, of many good personal qualities, but he incarnates everything that is vile in the

business of politics and the politics of business. Mr. Hawes is no seraph, by any means, but he is much closer to the decent public feeling of this community, more in sympathy with it than Ed Butler ever could be. Ed Butler has money in abundance, and backing of the strongest sort, financially, but the uprising against the things that Butler represents is stronger than money or than financial magnates' pulls. When Mr. Hawes fights Butler he fights on behalf of every reform in city government that the minds and hearts and consciences of the people approve. Mr. Hawes is on the side that will win eventually. Youth and decency will be served.

### Age of Finance

THIS is the age of finance. There has to be financiering even in religion and philanthropy, as witness the recent floating of an issue of \$150,000, thirty years, five per cent. gold bonds by the Salvation Army for the perfection of its scheme and plan of colonizing the poor in the West. The bonds are based upon a mortgage upon the Salvation Army colonization lands, which are estimated to be worth \$100,000 more than the bond issue. The colonization work will proceed upon the strength of the loan, and that the loan is regarded as good is to be concluded from the circumstance that \$120,000 of the bonds have been subscribed for by Senator M. A. Hanna, Myron T. Herrick, Washington E. Connor, George E. Hopkins, John E. Mulholland, Benjamin F. Tracy and others. When such practical men as these give up their money for the furtherance of a Salvation Army scheme, it must have been made plain to them that there is a good deal of hard business sense mixed up with the Army's "corybantic Christianity." The colonization project starts off well, for the Army reports that it has now on file applications from over one thousand families, now residing in large cities, who are anxious to secure the privilege of settling on a model farm in any of the three colonies that are to be established. It is well that the experiment should be tried, and it is well that there should be among our plutocrats so many men willing to help along a good cause in such a way as to make it a business proposition instead of a charity. Such financing is what religion needs. Religion would be better if it had more business sense in it, just as business would be better if it had a little more religion of the right sort mixed up with it.

### A Newspaper's Centenary

ON November 16th, the New York *Evening Post* celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its first issue. The event was one of importance, for the reason that the *Evening Post*, with all its latter day faults in the direction of a certain political Brahmanism, a caste feeling, an attitude of conscious superior rectitude, a pose of doubt as to the tendencies of democracy, has been almost the ideal newspaper. It has always been clean, yet it has never been dull. It has never had a large circulation among the people, yet it has always reached the people, finally, because the authoritativeness of its editorial thinking, from its peculiar standpoint, has always made it a favorite in the editorial rooms of other papers and its editorials have formed the basis of articles by other editors. The New York *Evening Post* has practically edited all the other papers in the United States for many years. The editors on the other side of issues have always been sure to find ammunition by simply controverting the *Evening Post's* position. The paper has stood for policies of thought. It has always opposed "practical" politics. It has given tone to thousands of editorial pages that could get tone nowhere else. The *Evening Post* has furnished the newspapers of the entire country with political ideas, even ideas against itself. However we may think it has fallen on evil days, to the extent, even, of being honored by the giving of a banquet to its editorial force by Pierpont Morgan and others like him; however we may think that it has been more of a capitalist's paper than a paper for the masses, it is at least certain that its course has always been consistent, and its general contentions in politics have triumphed. It may be too close to Wall street, but it has

been the greatest of all forces in the country in the war upon privilege as embodied in protection; it has been the foe of syndicate politics; it has been the greatest exponent of Civil Service Reform. It has been edited by great writers and great men. No paper could be venal with William Cullen Bryant at the helm. There can hardly be doubt of the political and personal sincerity of men like Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin and its present editor, Horace White. Looking at the paper and even recognizing that it has a certain chilly aloofness of tone, an atmosphere of rather supercilious superiority, no fair judge of the merits of such an institution can deny that the paper has, in the main, and conditioned by the individuality of its writers and owners, lived up to the purposes set forth in its first issue, Nov. 16th, 1801 in the paragraph: "The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects; to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics, and to cultivate a taste for sound literature." All those things the *Evening Post* has done as it was given its conductors to see the situation, and it has done them in such a way that Mr. Carl Schurz was well justified in the splendid sententious encomium passed upon the publication when he said, not without memory of some hard knocks he himself had received, "it has never been afraid even of its friends." May the *Evening Post* flourish along the old lines for several centuries. May there be many more papers in future after its pattern.

### The Tariff

THERE is no mistaking the signs of the times. There is coming a great fight against the tariff for protection. It only remains to be seen whether the Democrats will allow the Republican to "steal their thunder" on this as on so many other issues in the past. Republican organs like the Chicago *Record-Herald* are doing more howling against the protection iniquity than the Democratic papers. The Western Republicans in Congress are nearly all for tariff reform. Protection is doomed. Not all the power of the Hanna syndicate can save it.

### Royal Life

THE Queen of Holland has been maltreated by her husband. It is said that the King of Servia punched Queen Draga's head. These items of news indicate that life is not wholly unexciting in royal households, in these prosaic days, but it is likely that in future young ladies of royal blood will learn boxing, ducking and side-stepping ring tactics as preliminaries to the ceremony of taking unto themselves distinguished consorts.

### To Realize on Life

AN enterprising newspaper is undertaking to show business men how to get the most out of life. The recipe is a very simple one, for business men and all other kinds of men. It is only to love something worthy, for its own sake, outside of their regular calling, to have an avocation aside from their vocation. This rests the mind, softens the heart, widens interest and cultivates taste. This it is that helps to make the ideal gentleman.

### Daisy Bliss

A YOUNG woman stenographer of the Chicago City Council has been "let out" because as long as she was around the Council Chamber the Councilmen had to restrain their sulphurous and otherwise mephitic vocabulary. The young woman's name is Daisy Bliss. She was too much of a strain on the Chicago statesmen and she had to go. Her innocence offended them. A man was put in her place. He will have to listen to the aldermen's oaths and dirty stories. Is there any other city in the world in which such frank confession would be made of the foulness of the ruling geniuses of the community? Most male creatures would suppress their filth rather than discharge a woman solely to give it free play, but not a Chicago statesman. He is so full of filth that he must spit it out or burst and he removes the woman who prevents his out-



bursts rather than remove himself. Still there are those in Chicago who think the discharge of Daisy Bliss a distinct moral and aesthetic advance and are more or less surprised that Chicago aldermen should have even suspected that their foul persiflage might be distasteful to a woman who might hear it. Even Chicago is getting to be more civilized, but it is hard that civilization's progress should, in this case, operate to throw Miss Daisy Bliss out of a nice position.



## Literature

HOORAY for Litteratchuer! After the problem, generally sexual, novel and the historical novel has come the lottery novel from which you get a prize for selecting the best of a dozen portraits of the heroine, or for guessing who wrote this or that chapter. Gall, Graveyard and Company, the publishers and inventors of this sort of novel, are reaping millions. They're putting Bowell, Meren and Co's cadaver fiction out of the market.



## Strenuosity

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT never really knew what the strenuous life was until he bucked up against the Missouri Republican office-hucksters. Then he had to go way back and sit down and take a rest.



## Violating Neutrality

IF it be true that the British government is recruiting men in this country for service against the Boers it is a violation of our pledge of neutrality and it should be stopped.

Little.



## MILADY OF THE MSS.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

I HAVE a heart full of sympathy for the Literary Woman—for which I well know I shall not receive her gratitude. She is so numerous and productive (alas! chiefly of books,) so brilliant and enviable, so panegyricized and paraphrased, in short, so eminently able to take care of herself, that my concern for her must need appear misplaced and impertinent.

Well, I shall go on pitying her, in spite of her resentment—pitying her for the brave fight and the futile effort and the success that is little worth; often, too, for the calm joys of maternity and domestic peace which a factitious ambition has shut out of her woman's life.

This latter is, I suspect, a sore point with Milady Literary—if she were ever to lose her angelic temper, it would be on account of this. In such a moment how intense her loathing of bestial, philoprogenitive Man, grossly seeking to divert her from the passionless joys of literature! How eloquent her anger against that species of domestic slavery which has at least served the unimportant purpose of continuing the human race!

Curiously it chances that the desire of so many women to write is only another form of the maternal instinct. Travail the woman must—her woman's flesh requires these natural pains—but the pangs of literary conception are to many a sufficient and agreeable substitute. I know a literary woman who has had both experiences, and her now exclusive devotion to her Art, (the capital is hers) tells the rest of the story.

Women enjoy writing for its own sake more than men do.

It was my pleasant fortune to meet a lady, not long ago, who came to East Aurora with a view to having her MSS. published. She is not famous and yet not absolutely without reputation. I believe she has quite as much talent as the run of literary women. I should think her capable of writing a book that would make a good, mediocre success—the sort of thing at which women always beat men. But the point I want to make about this person (and I think it appeals generally to the *scribentes sorores*) refers to her astonishing looseness of faculty. In this I read alike the success and failure of women in literature.

To most men, blessed or cursed with a literary con-

science, the act of mental composition is painful; to some very great writers it has been superlatively so. To most writing women I believe it is quite the reverse—nay, unconscionably agreeable and easy. Hence the close analogy between a writing woman's talk and her literary product; hence also the latter's facile agreeableness. Milady of the MSS. is here an excellent witness. To say nothing of her prose, which she throws off at will and in fearsome quantity, she exudes sonnets at every pore. I examined a bulky typewritten volume of these, some five hundred in number. There was no denying a certain poetic faculty, and a dreadful poetic facility. The lady rhymed well and scanned with accuracy. Her mind was well furnished with the usual stock paraphernalia of the versifier. All the time-worn tropes and figures, all the overworked metrical conceits, all the pitiful subterfuges of third-rate poetry, were elaborately sown into the texture of her verse. I am sure the poetess would have her dressmaker go to work in similar fashion. Everything was there you had a right to expect, so far as prosody goes and mere verbal mechanics; but of the heaven-born surprise and thrill and uplift of true poetry, not a pulse, not a breath, not a flutter.

And the burden of all this rhymed futility was love, super-passionate love, for the lady is not an ingenue (*sic*), and so, naturally revolting from the realism of the senses and the enforced contact of the conjugal relation, her passion (i. e., the passion of her verse) is frozen though splendid—a cold, cold thing, fit for the nebulae or the interstellar spaces.

The lady is fair, fat and perilously near forty. Her well nourished person suggests images strongly at variance with the anæmic ardors of her verse.

"Surely you do not mean all this?" I hazarded.

She smirked and replied, "But why not? It is poetry!"

I felt there was no more to be said and, like Dante's lovers, we read no more that day.



At another time I asked Milady of the Sonnets if it was not a terribly arduous task to have composed all this poetry. She smiled with a self-complacent disdain that might have abashed Melpomene herself.

"Not at all—I simply could not help it. To write poetry has been the one great joy of my life since—since—" she hesitated and did not finish the sentence. There was a moment's pause while Milady strove with her memories.

Resuming with an effort, she added: "Far from being a painful task, it has been a pleasure and a recreation. I have only to take up my pen when it simply flows so that I can hardly write down the lines as fast as they come. And so perfect that I seldom change a word!"

I hope I am not without feeling for the pathos of this confession of the fruitful though ineffective Sappho. She had wasted years that might have been more happily and usefully employed. She had (as I learned afterwards) separated from her husband, whose chief offence was that he failed to do becoming honor to her literary genius. Her vain hope had been buoyed up at long intervals by a perfunctory word of praise from some literary character upon whom she had forced her manuscripts. Upon examination these testimonies were seen to be carefully non-committal. No publisher would bring out her work unless he were guaranteed against loss. This guaranty she was unable to furnish, and so the years of deferred hope and heart-ache and cankering envy that will ere long leave her a blighted, disappointed, miserable, old woman.

Truly, it was not cheerful, and I tried to soften the refusal I was commissioned to make.

The refusal was less wounding to her than the advice with which, in mistaken kindness, I ventured to season it.

Milady flared up and for a moment looked more like a poem than any of her unpublished works.

"You are all the same," she cried. "The publishers are leagued against true genius. The people they bring out have all either money or influence, and some of your women authors have gotten before the public in ways that will not bear scrutiny. But they shall not crush me, and the day is not far when they will come begging to my door!"

Having thus asserted her woman's right to dominate the situation, she flounced off like a tragedy queen, leaving me with a curiously incredulous wish that her passion and her hope might be justified. . . .

Is it not sad, Mesdames?



## THE DANGER OF PROVERBS.

FOLLY OF LIVING ACCORDING TO MAXIMS.

THERE are men who govern their lives by maxims. To them some one piece of proverbial philosophy appears as a sign-post pointing the way to success, and no doubt there have been many who believed at least that they owed their ultimate arrival to the assistance of their selected scrap of wisdom. But such successes are, we think the exceptions; whereas the most casual observer cannot fail to note how often these trusted indicators mislead those who resign themselves to their direction. In a sense, almost all popular proverbs are true, though this sounds paradoxical when we consider how flatly many of them contradict one another. There are a few proverbs whose truth is apparent in almost all sets of circumstances, and there are others which, like a stopped clock, are only right at times. In the latter case, we generally find another proverb existing which is equally popular, and which contains a totally opposite statement. We should like to see a collection made in which these contradictory bywords were arranged side by side. They would thus illustrate the great apparent difference which exists between the obverse and reverse sides of the current coin of homely truth and experience. Wisdom is, indeed, justified by very various children. But the men who are led astray by maxims never think about more than one; if they did they might find safety amid the confusion of numbers, and get creditably through the world by the light of their own common-sense. But to return to these "stopped-clock" maxims. They are responsible for all sorts of mishaps which overthrow the traveler on the road of life, from a blunder which may cost a man half his store of self-confidence to the inducing of mental and moral diseases and "divers kinds of death."

Take, for instance, the common saying. "When in doubt, do nothing." How very seldom the principle herein contained can be applied with advantage. How many weak wills, we should like to know, has this pestilential little proverb contributed to paralyze? Those who trust in it are not by any means stupid people; quite the reverse. They have generally just enough width of mind and sympathy to realize that there are two sides to every question, and yet not enough insight to grasp the rights of either. The present writer remembers a man who was rendered utterly useless in every capacity of life by reliance upon this specious precept. "If we do not move, we cannot regret our step," such men argue. "If we take no side, we cannot be found upon the wrong one." It may be rather dull to stand-still, but at any rate it is no trouble. Success may overtake us, and at least we are not running away from it. "All things happen to those that wait,"—and so they do wait, till the only thing which is sure to happen to every one does happen, and they die. Could they but have realized that "he who hesitates is lost" contains far more truth than its opposite, they might have done something in life. Not that this energetic assertion of an occasional fact is by any means a sure guide. Who is not familiar with the man who never hesitates before any decision, and nearly always laments his precipitation, usually aloud? Who has not got tired of imploring such an one to make the best of a bad job, or of suppressing the obvious comment of, "we told you so?" All the same, believers in a motto which spurs them into foolish action seem to do better in the race of life than those who rely upon one which preaches nothing but caution. And hasty people generally seem to arrive at their goal, in however bad condition.

There is another pernicious saying which almost always



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### THE WATERED STOCK SWINDLE.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

proves true, and that is, "Misfortunes seldom come singly." This is one of those dreadful prophecies which bring about their own fulfilment. Believers in this sinister proverb are almost invariably crushed by it, for they are reduced by apprehension into such a depressed condition that they are ready to contract, as it were, any germs of misfortune which may be floating about, or to create a misfortune out of an incident to which, in robust mood, they might have been indifferent. A man who loses his train and grimly prepares for another misfortune is pretty sure to find no cab at the other end, and is likely to fail in the object of his journey through want of courage to carry it through. The housemaid who breaks an ornament increases her own clumsiness by the expectation that she will soon break another, and then cuts short a repentance which might make her more cautious in future by the consoling reflection that "it had to be." So far as small matters are concerned, belief in this proverb is almost universal. If we have made a social mistake—"put our foot into it," as the saying is—stumbled, perhaps, upon some subject which a moment's thought would have convinced us must be unwelcome to our company, or given, by accident, what appeared to be a premeditated blow, we all feel sure that within twenty-four hours we shall do the same thing again; and sure enough we do, or if not, we imagine that we do, and sometimes feel quite relieved to think that Fate has shot her inevitable second arrow, and now we know the worst.

There is an old adage which used, years ago, to count its victims by thousands, but which is now, in its extremest applications, going out of fashion, and that is the one which declares that blood is thicker than water. No reasonable person doubts, or ever did doubt, that the tie of love between those who live together or have been brought up together is greatly strengthened by consanguinity; but that is not by any means all that those who live up to this particular profession of faith take it to mean. They think it a matter of conscience to observe a hierarchical order in the matter of the affections. Sir Thomas Browne, in whose day this order was regarded as of almost divine appointment, admits himself unable to follow it, saying cautiously: "Excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find myself in such necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood." Very few men still labor under this tyranny of mere relationship which has come down to us from our less civilized ancestors; but even nowadays plenty of women dissipate their time and capacity for real friendship, and confuse their minds as to what affection really is, by what is called "keeping up" with distant relations with whom they have nothing in common, but whom they diligently try to persuade themselves that they like because—they ought!

Perhaps no maxims are so misleading to the judgment of those who implicitly believe them as those which assert what is absolutely true actually, and very often false metaphorically. For instance, "Where there's smoke there's fire," and "Straws show which way the wind blows." If by smoke we understand scandal and gossip, then there is often a good deal of very nasty smoke, and no fire at all. Neither, metaphorically speaking, do straws show which way the wind blows, for such are the cross-currents of character that you can seldom judge of its general trend by a trivial action. A man may save a penny and yet not be mean; or throw away a pound without being generous, or even habitually extravagant.

Probably, after all, there is no short rule, however wise, which will serve as a talisman against the many mistakes of life, whether they be mistakes of action or of judgment; but men feel a natural desire to find some infallible word of wisdom which shall guide them. They prefer a faulty compass to none at all, and so, in many cases, they make straight for the rocks. Perhaps they are right in assuming that it is better to chance being drowned than to be willing to drift, or to come to a false conclusion rather than to live in a perpetual state of suspended judgment. Perhaps, also, there is no better rule of action than the elastic injunction of the Quaker philosopher, "Let us proceed as the way may open."

VOLUMES have been, and are being, written about political economy, about the amelioration of social conditions, and kindred matters. Each writer has his pet theory, more or less valuable. In our politics, we have the protectionist and the free trader. The one tells you that everything ought to be admitted free of duty, while the other tells you that protection is the thing that we should always have, and that the more you pay for the necessities of life, the better you are off. The tariff question is undoubtedly a very vital and far-reaching one, and affects national, economic and financial conditions to a most extensive degree. At the present time, it seems to become once more a leading topic of political discussion. The case of protection *versus* free trade has not as yet been definitely decided.

There is, however, another thing to be taken into consideration, in the discussion about bettering the condition of the masses. That is the watering of capitalization. So far, little has been said about this matter, and yet it has much to do with wages and National welfare. The more you consider it, the more you will be convinced that it deserves special and extended discussion; that it is important enough to be touched upon in National platforms.

As we all know, this is the era of consolidation in the railroad and industrial world. We have, in the past year, witnessed the incorporation of a billion-dollar trust in the steel trade; the buying up of railroad properties by syndicates, which afterwards organize new central companies, with a capitalization running into the hundreds of millions. There is hardly any industrial or railroad corporation in the United States the capitalization of which does not contain a good amount of water. Inflation is, however, a particular characteristic of industrial concerns, or trusts. The billion-dollar steel trust contains, perhaps, \$400,000,000 of water; in other words, this company issued stock, of the par value of \$400,000,000, that does not represent actual assets. The watered stock was issued, in liberal amounts, to the incorporators and promoters, to speculators formerly connected with subsidiary companies.

The U. S. Steel Company is now paying 7 per cent per annum on the preferred and 4 per cent on the common stock. Dividend-payments were inaugurated with suspicious haste and alacrity, in order to facilitate stock market operations and the liquidation of holdings by insiders at profitable quotations. The various constituent properties are being "skinned." The management desires to submit fine showings, to exhibit a big surplus, and to be able to continue paying dividends for sometime, or until the sinister purpose of the syndicate has been accomplished.

The capitalization, as above said, is \$1,000,000,000; it is, in fact, larger than that. Suppose the organizers of the gigantic trust had confined themselves to issuing stock representing actual value; suppose the capitalization was \$400,000,000 smaller—would not that strengthen the financial and physical condition of the company and benefit the employees very materially? Estimating the dividend requirements on \$400,000,000 at 4 per cent. per annum, the company would be benefited to the extent of \$16,000,000 by the requisite reduction in capital. It would thus be able to accumulate a fine surplus and to pay higher wages to employees. By a tremendous inflation of capital, the company has hurt both itself and employees. Of course, the syndicate is not complaining, it has made its pile out of the transaction, and the innocent stockholders may see how they get along.

A stock-certificate, nowadays, if issued by a fairly reputable company, represents cash, no matter whether it is water or not; it is negotiable. Now, there can be no doubt that by organizing and issuing watered stock, a corporation starts into business on false pretenses and disposes of counterfeit money. The buyer of the stock buys something that represents nothing, that has, in fact, no value,

although he may have been bamboozled into paying a good price for it. If an ordinary citizen were to do anything of this kind, that is, do business under false pretenses, or dispose of counterfeit money, he would at once fall into the clutches of the law. In these two cases, there may be a difference in appearance, but there is positively none in principle.

By entering the employment of a corporation with a vastly increased capital, the employe is at a disadvantage and handicapped from the very start. He does not get the salary that he is entitled to, neither does he enjoy all the necessary privileges, or that fair, decent treatment that would be his if employed by an honestly capitalized company. On the other hand, the employers, that is, the corporation and stockholders, obtain more of the profits than are due them. Dividends are being paid on watered stock that should not be paid; funds diverted to such purposes should go to the employe, or be spent in a more legitimate way. In other words, the employe is robbed of his just share of the profits.

There are various other things connected with, and springing out of, this matter of injustice, which it would be impossible to dwell upon at length in this article. The above will suffice to demonstrate the great influence which the capitalization of corporations has upon economic conditions, and the well-being of the laboring classes. A proper regulation of incorporation proceedings and capitalization, by Congress or the State Legislatures would have more effect than all anti-trust or equitable assessment measures. There are statutes in many States which prohibit the issuance of watered stock, but they are of little effect, or absolutely impotent. When matters of this kind are brought before the courts, the corporations are, as a rule, never disappointed; the statutes are stretched to the utmost extent and things read into them which were never in the intention of the law-making bodies.

There should certainly be some remedy. Something should and must be done which will supervise corporations and their capitalization, at and from the time of incorporation. The State Legislatures can do a great deal, if they only have the will to act properly and promptly. If the legislative will is clearly and strongly expressed, courts will not hesitate to respect it, and decide accordingly.

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### THE BLACK HAND.

BY DMITRI KAPLAN.

The newspapers contained recently a brief cablegram from St. Petersburg announcing the receipt, by M. Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia, of a letter from the secret society known as the "Black Hand," stating that his death had been decided upon. This is evidence that acute Nihilism, as distinguished from chronic Nihilism, has in no way diminished under the sway of the present Emperor. At the same time, those who know the methods of the narrow-minded and iron-fisted Procurator, wonder what the publication of the letter means, for that gentleman seldom allows an incident of this sort to become public unless he wishes to publish it as an excuse for some new raid he may be contemplating on the few liberties still left to the classes among whom Liberal political views are known or suspected to be held.

No doubt we shall soon hear of another great police raid in St. Petersburg, when a number of members of so-called "secret" societies will suddenly disappear. In order to understand why it is that Russian people appear to form so many secret societies it is necessary to glance at the general social position of the different classes of the Czar's subjects.

A German author, some ten years ago, speaking of Russia, said that the mass of the discontented who expect salvation from disastrous events is constantly increasing. Not to speak of the distrust with which Russian Nationalists meet every stranger, the spread and ramifications of secret political agents and informers, inside as well as out-



side St. Petersburg, has increased so enormously that political discussions are avoided with an anxiety which is foreign to the habits of Russian life and character. People are more cautious than they were in the days of Alexander II. The educated classes, who take a serious interest in politics, confine their exchange of views to intimate circles. Freedom of discussion is to be observed only where it is a question of abusing foreign countries, and the Press can display courage only when criticizing the English Cabinet on the conduct of South African affairs. Where misunderstanding and distrust are spread over a country, where everything is out of joint and discontent is universal, what more natural than that a few friends of similar tastes should agree to meet at each others houses, where conversation on any subject can be unfettered? I have spent many an enjoyable evening, among charming people of good education, where at intervals the best music was interpreted on the piano, violin, and other instruments, while singing and occasionally a dance would be started. The elder ladies and gentlemen would discuss politics over cigarettes and a game of cards. The piano, the cards, and the dancing are always necessary, for the average policeman in Russia would not understand the meaning of a dozen or twenty people, if it were not for music or gambling, and no house is safe from a domiciliary visit at any time.

From among the various circles just indicated, the more ardent and serious men, the workers who wish to procure freedom and justice for their fellowmen—these meet similar spirits, and form inner circles, where arrangements are made and members appointed to spread the doctrines of Socialism over the country. Necessarily these reformers must meet in secret, hence they are members of secret societies.

In England and America reformers have the press and the public platform, and those who wish can make public their particular views without being dragged off to prison as political convicts. In Russia a man dare not speak a word in favor of a form of government different from the present autocracy. The result is that he is obliged to take refuge in secrecy and secret methods.

I know of a rich landowner who has traveled all over Europe. He was impressed with what he saw, and on settling down in Russia he tried to introduce reform. He was thwarted by the authorities in every way, and at length he was driven to join a secret society. He was deputed to travel the country. Disguised as a peasant, he went about distributing so-called revolutionary literature. He was caught and thrown into prison. This was over ten years ago. Nothing more has been heard of him.

Ladies of good birth, who have been educated abroad, are likewise forced to join secret circles of friends. The police have no respect for women, and when they break in upon a meeting of girls, they seize all the literature in the place, and if there happens to be a publication of a socialistic or revolutionary kind, the girls are packed off to the house of detention.

No wonder that, under such circumstances, many are driven to desperation, and join the Nihilist "inner circle," where an oath of secrecy is imposed, and the members promise to do all they can to annihilate the present form of government. There is not much method in the working of this inner circle, beyond the fact that there is a small committee with a headquarters in several of the chief cities of the empire. There is a system of signs, by which members know one another, and a correspondence is kept up with expatriated members, who foregather in Switzerland and London.

Of late we have heard little of the Nihilists, because they are working quietly among the people, educating them, and spreading their doctrines. There have been no attempts on the Emperor's life, no dramatic exploding of bombs, and no digging of underground passages for the purpose of blowing up palaces. Perhaps the Czar's evident dislike of the methods of his Ministers, and his attempts to ameliorate the conditions of life among his poorer subjects, have softened the hearts of the irrecon-

cilables of the inner circles of Nihilism. At any rate, their efforts are now directed principally against the Procurator of the Synod and the more brutal of the governors of provinces where convict prisons are established.

The name of "Black Hand" is new. It may mean that one particular committee of the inner circle have, for the purposes of their letter, threatening the Procurator, assumed this dramatic title, just as the pirates of old used the skull and crossbones on a black flag to strike terror into the hearts of honest people. I was, however, under the impression that this sort of playing to the gallery had been given up. It was common enough twenty years ago, and I remember well the thrill that passed through St. Petersburg society, some thirty years ago, when a Nihilist note was discovered on the Emperor's dressing table, stuck through with a dagger. Ten years later the activity of the inner circle culminated in the assassination of Alexander II.

In Russia, a string of negations is enough to convict a man. Nothing positive is required. An honest and intellectual man may be betrayed into expressing an opinion in a cafe or hotel on the injustice or harshness of some new Government regulation. He is overheard by a member of the police, or by some officer, and he is a doomed man. He becomes a political exile, and is treated more harshly than the common criminals. His friends, naturally indignant at the outrage, become active enemies of the Government, where formerly they were peacefully inclined citizens.

## HAYMAKING.

BY ARTHUR MUNBY.

"LUCY and I are afield in the glow of our Midsummer morning;  
Lucy and I are at ease under the hazels at noon;  
Lucy and I go home long after the rose of the sunset  
Darkens to purple and grey, dies in the light of the moon.  
For it is haymaking time, and every one hastes to the meadows  
Prompt with a helpful hand, eager at least to be there:  
All our village are there, and the perfumed breath of the windrows  
Blows from the rudest lips snatches of laughter and song,  
See you this laboring team, that moves o'er the crest of the upland,  
Down where yon snug white farm, low in the heart of the vale,  
Looks toward the far-off hills and the great clouds marching above them?  
These are her father's fields, these are the meadows I love.  
Here, while the little ones watch, and the lads and the bonny brown lasses  
Scatter the fragrant grass over each other at play,  
Lucy and I, above all, for true love is fellow to labor,  
Find in the work of our hands pleasures as pure as the day.  
Lucy aloft on the wain, with the hay-floods rising about her,  
Masters each mounting wave, spreads it and smoothes it around her;  
Till from her settled throne, from the level and perfected summit,  
Pausing awhile to gaze timidly over the edge,  
She in a trice slips down by the well-comb'd walls of the wagon  
Into my arms, and I lead her at length to the farm.  
Sweet is the full farmyard, for the creatures she loves are within it,  
Sweet is the green little garth where she sits milking at eve;  
Sweet shall the hayricks be, for Lucy will help me to make them,

Not with her strength alone, but with the charm of her eyes:

Sweeter than all is herself; a ceaseless, wonderful sunlight  
Dwells on her face all day, dwells on the deeps of her hair;

Shining, I think, unawares; for she is what Nature has made her,

Fresh with the freedom of youth, fearless and pure as a child.

Ah, if I win her at last, there will not be aught of deserving;

She has a treasure to give more than I dare to demand;  
She will come down to my heart as a lark drops out of the heaven

Into its homely nest, low in the whispering corn.

## ASPECTS OF RECIPROCITY.

BY JAMES E. FREE.

SINCE South America has come to the front as an issue, the manufacturers of agricultural implements are interested in the question: "How many of the ten South American republics are agriculturally inclined?"

The aboriginal inhabitants never did more than raise crops enough to live on, and the Spanish-American white man is not built right to plow, plant and reap. But he sees the value of cultivation of land, and is endeavoring to attract immigration from Southern Europe for this purpose. There is an aristocracy, which has determined to hold on to political power, while an industrial and agricultural immigration engages in the struggle to bring prosperity.

What a "special providence" it would be, for Argentina, for instance, to get a bunch of North Dakotans, to put the right kind of energy into the business of wheat raising!

The crops could be raised but could they be marketed? On the solution of this problem would depend the financial condition of the country. Reciprocity with a prosperous nation has more to recommend it than with a backward nation. Where land value is increasing it is not difficult to collect taxes to pay the interest on bonds held by foreigners to secure loans.

Most of the South American States, after several generations, are doing business on borrowed capital. The United States, if it wants to prove that the Monroe Doctrine is a sound policy, should aim to assist her neighbors to discharge her financial obligations.

Is this the object our reciprocity pushers have in view? We hear much said as to the possibility of our trade being increased, and our merchant marine being benefited, but our millionaire philanthropists do not seem to take into consideration the needs of the party of the other part.

Our agricultural implement manufacturers want the whole Southern continent for their commercial field. Nothing less than ten separate reciprocity treaties will satisfy them, unless it is possible to lump reciprocity. And they will, doubtless, expect the reciprocity principle to be extended to cover patents on machinery. Argentina may concede reciprocity in farm machinery, with an eye to profit. The implements may prove to be of so much value, in the way of a tonic to agriculture, that some South American Yankee will suggest to his government the feasibility of infringing on the rights covered by United States law. Could the United States be persuaded to admit the wheat crop raised by using our improved machinery? There is no doubt that the manufacturers of implements would be willing to grant such a favor to the people of South America. It would mean money to them, for a time, at least. When the American farmer began to feel the effect of Argentine wheat competition, enough to cause the demand for farm machinery to fall off more than the demand from South America could offset, repeal would be effected.

Agriculture has no such cinch on the powers that be as the manufacturing interests.

Instead of keeping the promise to subsidize Western



agriculture, the McKinleyites coolly turn to the booming of colonial expansion. That is the object of the ship subsidy bill and reciprocity with South America. Germany, by planting a colony in Brazil, has demonstrated the value of this method in building up her foreign trade. The United States finds she cannot penetrate to trade centers because of German forehandedness. Brazil bids fair to be a Southern Canada. There is one obstacle to permanent occupation which Germany cannot surmount. Her commerce is ship-borne. If the United States can open communication with the South American republics by an intercontinental railway she can secure trade supremacy. A railway will develop the interior of the continent and it will cause North American civilization to "break out in spots" all over Latin America. A home-seeking, money-making, and money-spending people will settle on the land and grow up with the country. An isthmian waterway will bind both coasts of both continents together. Every one of the Southern republics which has a seaport will demand its share of commerce. Brazil, Chile and Ecuador will not be as anxious to build up the merchant marine of our country, as they will be to create their own. "Create" is the proper word in the case, because it applies to something which is non-existent just now. They do not have the large surplus in the treasury which the United States has and reciprocity is guaranteed to hinder the growth of a surplus. In the search for a policy favorable to an infant industry they will strike upon free transportation through the isthmian canal as the best to give them an equal show with the merchant marine of the United States and an advantage over the European merchant marine. Europe is interested in the neutrality of the proposed waterway for the sake of preventing favorable legislation of such kind and the reciprocity Republicans of the United States have a little nigger of their own in the neutral canal treaty. Being sponsors for the merchant marine they must look out for its interests, no matter whose rights they give away.

BILLINGS, MONT., November 25th, 1901.

## THE SAVING OF SISTER SERAPHICA.

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

"KYRIE ELEISON," chanted the choir of black-robed nuns in the convent chapel, and "Kyrie eleison," echoed Sister Seraphica, out of time and off the key.

The good sisters exchanged significant glances, and looked in surprise at the offender, who stood with hands clasped loosely behind her, eyes fixed on space, and thoughts wandering palpably far from the penitential prayer.

"Christe eleison," then choired the nuns, but still "Kyrie eleison" sang Sister Seraphica, not noticing the change. A stray gleam of golden light slanted through the window of San Pedro, touching the bowed heads like a benediction and lighting the upturned faces with a nimbus, then rested a moment upon the unconscious offender. It changed her sombre vestments into a living, aureate hue, outlined the slender, girlish figure, kissed the rosy, child-like face, beaming with its wealth of wholesome, human happiness, and for that moment she was glorified.

Then the organ pealed out, in loud, triumphant tones, "Gloria in Excelsis," but one voice was missed—the full, rich voice that had always fluted above the frailer voices of the other singers, and soared in ringing echoes till the last faint vibrations seemed to beat upon the elysian shores. Instead, her heart was soaring in bursting strains beyond the nuns, the walls, her sacred vows:

"No love less perfect than a life with thee."

At last the "Oremus" recalled her from her dreams, and reminded her the benediction was about to be pronounced. With a violent start she threw herself upon her knees and covered her guilty blushes as best she could with her sleeve. A moment's prayerful silence followed the "Pax Domini Vobiscum" before the pale-faced nuns arose, each sealed with the peace of the benediction, and their black-robed

figures filed noiselessly down the low adobe corridor. As the last one crossed the cold stone steps, a thin voice at her elbow asked the loitering Seraphica:

"Are you ill, sister?"

"No, sister."

"Are you having trouble with your voice, sister?"

"No, sister."

"Does anything disturb your peace of mind, sister?"

"The acacia-tree is budding out to bloom; have you seen it, sister?" answered the novice, directing her inquisitor's attention to an overgrown corner of the garden, and escaping as the other turned to see the misty haze of color through the feathery green. But as she fled along the flag-stones others noted the rapt expression on the little sister's face, and the almost heavenly radiance that lit her eyes, and remarked that such spirituality was not usual among novices.

"Sister Seraphica is making a *novena*," said an aged sister, as the one in question flitted by.

"Then that accounts for her preoccupation," answered another. "She looks as if she had been seeing visions."

And visions they were. Visions of a tall, young soldier, that filled her heart all day and her dreams all night. Visions of an accidental meeting at the portress' gate, then a bold attack, a scaling of the wall, and a stolen interview by the fountain. It was only by main force she kept her feet from dancing down the corridor as she recalled them, for she could no more help her heart giving this rebellious fling in protest against the stifling life of its dull routine, than she could help her close-cropped hair rebelling against its *bandeau* and growing out in wicked little curls upon her forehead, or her full lips rippling into a cupid's-bow instead of a straight knife-blade like the thin sister's.

"It will be in bloom for the feast of Neustra Senora," answered the thin voice, turning to find her companion gone. But as she looked again beyond the acacia where the red roses ran in a tangled riot over the wall, there came a low sweet call like a bird-note, and the passion-vine by the fountain stirred, seemingly out of proportion with the force of the breeze.

The thin sister stopped a moment, irresolute, then walked quickly toward the refectory building. To her the only thing worth living for was the growth of the sisterhood, the strength of the order; everything else was a vanity. But next to her vows came the fondness for this child who had been trained in the sister's school and gone from pupil to postulant without questioning the claims of the world outside. Was it possible, she asked herself, that this white-souled sister could do a thing that would profane her vows and bring disgrace upon the whole sisterhood? Not deliberately, she argued; the girl was young and impulsive, her heart was right, but her strength was untried and might be borne down by temptation before she realized its power. Her lips hardened into a thinner line than ever as she resolved the child should be saved from herself, and drew into the shadow of the colonnades, her eyes still fixed upon the passion-vine.

The night was close and still. Within the grated gates the air was heavy with the incense the white jessamine swung, and throughout all the garden the tall ascension lilies held up their golden hearts like emblems of holy purity, but never dreamed of clambering up the wall and blooming to the dusty world beyond. Outside, the noises of the day grew subdued—the noises characteristic of dirty, gaudy, happy-go-lucky Vera Cruz, that holds a peculiar charm as a whole, even though you loathe every individual aspect. The trampling hoofs at the distant camp, the occasional chord of a guitar, or a woman's laughter as a party of merry-makers passed, a ribald song on the lips of a reeling sailor, grew fainter. And as quiet settled again over their little world, the sounds of laughter and revelry mingled with the vesper chant from the convent and arose in a confused murmur, as all our aspirations and weaknesses mingle in the sum of our little lives, till who shall say which is the good and which is the evil?

The passion-vine began to stir restlessly. The low, sweet note was repeated, and this time sounded like the drowsy call of a night-bird to its mate, and in answer a

little black shade stole from the protection of the corridor, skirted a patch of moonlight, and reached the fountain.

The watcher in the shadow of the colonnades followed and listened. The light that filtered through the interlacing branches of the passion-vine cast traceries of fine shadows, like a net, about the little novice's feet, but she hurried on till she was lost in the arbor.

Then the listener heard two voices humming along in guarded tones until they rose in the earnestness of their argument. "In an hour," said the voice of the novice. The answer was too low for the listener to catch, but the tones were determined.

"Half an hour, then," pleaded the sweet voice of the little sister, but it was interrupted by a tense, even monotone.

"No, no, not a second less than fifteen minutes." Then came the same voice that had taken the holy vows of the sisterhood, the triple vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience; that clear, true voice that had rung through the convent halls, from matins till vespers, worshipping the Lord "in the beauty of holiness," now promising to leave their shelter forever in fifteen minutes.

Then back into the shadow she fled. Over the flag-stones, down the corridor, into the chapel, and down to the very altar rail, for one last offering of the *confiteor*. The marble saints looked down into her flushed, upturned face in cold surprise, but the sweet Madonna met her appealing eyes with a look of compassion. Time was precious; she had but a moment to throw herself down and seek forgiveness for what she was about to do. The Santa Maria would certainly intercede for her—herself a woman who had known the holy joys of wifehood and motherhood. If breaking her vows were a sin against her soul, the little novice urged, not breaking them would be a far greater sin against her heart. And as the light of the tapers flared into her face, the holy mother, standing with the Christ child in her arms, seemed to smile and understand. The little sister had kept her vows faithfully until now, and was breaking them, not because she had ceased to love the religious life, but because she could not help loving so infinitely more the promise of this new life, "that love unspeakable that is to be," that rose above her *aves* and *laudes*, and sung itself incessantly in her heart till it was ready to break for joy.

The silver moonbeams began to peep in at the chapel windows, and San Gil and San Juan came out of their shadows and looked at her with scorn. But she was not afraid. Her tall saint by the fountain was waiting for her. What were these pictured men to her? Then the company of virgin martyrs, each bearing a palm-branch as a sign of her victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, filed past her as the advance rays shot through their window, and urged the apostate sister to put this temptation under her feet and join their ranks. They did not know, she told them, what they had missed. One moment by the fountain was worth an eternity of their palm-waving bliss. And last, Santa Clara raised her sad eyes in mute appeal for the honor of the sisterhood; all to no avail. Still the *santa madre* seemed to smile and understand, and her answer to the half-formed petition for protection came promptly.

The outpouring of her heart had brought a ready flow of tears—tears that soothed and solaced, till under the spell of the silence of the chapel and incense-laden atmosphere her overwrought nerves grew calm. Her head sank lower and lower, till she cuddled down on the marble steps and fell asleep.

The minutes ran out unheeded. Five, ten, fifteen, and still the little novice did not return to the fountain. The tryster grew impatient, and, throwing down his cigarette and taking the holy names of the convent in a way that made the very stones shudder, he started up to shake their holy dust forever from his feet, when a black-robed figure emerged from the shadow. At her distance she looked thinner and her draperies had not that gliding, floating motion, as if animated by airs from heaven, but the thought passed without comment. At sight of her his anger cooled, and he strode boldly out from his covert to meet her. The





## The Basement is now a world of Dolls.

A doll may not represent the profoundest wisdom of all the ages, but if you want to see how big a factor it is in girlhood's joy, just bring the little tot down with you to our basement—Not one doll, nor a hundred, but thousands of them. The little eyes will open bright, the little hearts will beat quick, just to feast her eyes on them. Now we would suggest that if she will be real good, a real Santa Claus will leave just the loveliest doll for her to get on Christmas morning. It needn't cost Santa Claus such an awful lot either, since there are dolls from 10c up to any number of dollars.

# Kupent's

There are Games, too, of all kinds.

thin sister did not run to meet him as the little novice would have done. She turned, with a quick command to the shrubbery behind her, and a burly gardener confronted the doughty corporal.

Sister Seraphica slept on at the feet of the Mother of Sorrows, and the marble saints looked down contentedly at her tranquil, tear-stained face. No sound of the tumult in the garden penetrated the quiet chapel, as up and down the avenues the chase went on—through the moonlight, into the shadow, in and out the passion-vine arbor, round and round the fountain, into the flag-stoned court, where one by one the horrified nuns trooped down to see the cause of the disturbance. The soldier was young and active in eluding his pursuer, but the old gardener was heavy, and his blows told.

It was not till the scuffle was over that a thin voice broke in upon the sleeper's dreams—dreams of a love more perfect than the joys of a palm-waving paradise—and it required a vigorous effort to arouse her. "Come quickly," said the voice; "a great catastrophe has just been averted by capturing the thief."

If Sister Seraphica had witnessed the pursuit of the culprit—running, dodging, giving and taking blows in quick succession, then wrenching himself free again and trying to reach the wall—she would have watched with heaving breast and flashing eyes, and tried, perhaps, in her impetuosity, to interpose her fragile strength between him and the burly José. Or, if he had been wounded in the encounter, and she had seen him lying helpless on the flag-stones, his up-turned face pale and drawn in the moonlight, she would have flung defiance cheerfully, joyfully, into the face of rules, vows, eternal perdition for his sake, and cast her lot irrevocably with his, in order to nurse him back to life and strength. Or, even if this soldier-fellow could have been quietly gotten rid of, in order to make the foolish little novice think he had not been faithful to his trust, it would probably have only postponed the final catastrophe, for if the whole sisterhood had gone on its knees to convince her of his unfaithfulness and worthlessness, her faith in him would only have been strengthened. She would think them all unjustly leagued against her and her maligned, misunderstood soldier—her only friend.

The thin sister was a bit of a philosopher; also she was

very much of a woman, as her plan of action showed. In the state of mind that tries to idealize a man of common clay, she argued, a woman's sense of proportion is *nil*. If she can not keep him on the pedestal where she has chosen to put him, and look up to him immeasurably above his desert, there is no depth deep enough to measure her contempt. Therefore, there was but one way to reach her, and surely the saints had been on her side in keeping the unsuspecting sister from the scene until the crucial moment.

All eyes were riveted on the prisoner—half a hundred pairs of deep-set, horrified eyes—as the thin sister and the little novice reached the spot, so no one noticed the reeling of Sister Seraphica against the wall. And no one saw the anguished look on her face as she rubbed her eyes again to brush away this awful nightmare.

Hatless, coatless, helpless in the iron grasp of the burly gardener, dripping from his ducking in the fountain, begrimed with mud, his shirt-sleeves torn to ribbons, and his teeth chattering from José's vigorous shaking, stood her "tall saint by the fountain."

The thin sister tenderly supported her trembling charge, but kept moving her into a better point of vantage where nothing of the miserable picture should be lost upon her, where the strutting soldier-fellow might be seen being toyed with like a mouse, his uniform a travesty upon his plight. For well she knew that while a woman may glory in the sacrifice she may make for a man, however unworthy he may be, as long as he claims her respect, but let him appear ridiculous in her eyes and there is no quality in her nature that will stand this test.

So while José waited for a guard from the camp to arrive, a painful, awe-stricken silence reigned among the sisters, while the prisoner kept up a forcible denial of the charge of attempted burglary in profane English and unintelligible Spanish, searching eagerly, meanwhile, for one familiar face in the crowd that could exonerate him from the charge preferred against him. But the cause of all his trouble stood looking at him from the shadow in speechless horror. This fellow dangling in the brawny arms of the gardener, being vilified in the picturesque native vernacular, each epithet punctuated by a vigorous shake, was neither a hero nor a martyr.

And when at last the guard arrived from the camp and

she heard him charged with attempting to rob the convent—the man for whom, less than an hour ago, she had been willing to forsake vows, friends, everything, for better or worse—she listened to it all, but did not speak. She could not. Just at the stage when her illusion had been complete, when all her youthful dreams had seemed embodied in this dashing trooper, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous had been so great her idol had been shattered to atoms.

And when the grated gates clanged forever between herself and "that love more perfect" than the sisters' paradise, she heard the scuffling feet, saw the ignoble figure in the midst of the squad, then dropped her head upon the thin sister's shoulder to shut away the hateful sight. And when the next morning at *matins* the file of virgin martyrs held their palm-branches aloft with an "I-told-you-so" air, the little novice humbly beat her breast and cried "*mea culpa*," while the thin sister praised the saints that Sister Seraphica was saved.

From the *Argonaut*.

## PIERROT IN AUTUMN.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

WHY is thy heart so sad, Pierrot?  
The leaf must fall, the Summer go,  
And our bright world be given to snow,  
Since the good God will have it so.

My heart is sad enough, Pierrette!  
The Autumn days are warm, and yet  
The world is like a house to let,  
Empty of all things, save regret.

Let not thy heart be sad, Pierrot!  
The Spring will come, the Winter go,  
And we be glad again; for woe  
Is but joy's covering of snow.

Will some Toymaker, then, reset  
Our fairy stageland for us yet,  
And mend each broken marionette?  
Where is our vanished friend, Pierrette?

From *The Smart Set*.



## MUSIC.

## SECOND WEEK OF OPERA.

"Trovatore" and "Lucia," the two works being presented this week by the Southwell Opera Company at Music Hall, have done more to popularize opera with the masses than all the other works in operatic literature combined. The man to whom music is recreation loves his "Miserere" and his "Sextette" better than almost anything else in the way of musical or dramatic entertainment. The popularity and potency of the various "tunes" of both the Verdi and the Donizetti work is as perennial as it is far-reaching. These melodies have proved to be a never-ending source of material for the hand-organist, the vaudevillian—vocal and instrumental, and even the concert singer. In their original settings they have a certain charm for the musically educated as well as for the uninitiated ear. Even the most sophisticated and *blase* of opera goers is susceptible to the opera of the Italian School if it is "dealt out" to him in the good old Italian way and he will invariably experience a thrill running down his spinal column when the valiant *Manrico* sends out a reverberating top C in the "Di quella pira" and the light-headed *Lucia* imitates the trill of the flute.

Therefore every one who goes to hear the opera at Music Hall this week is sure to be well entertained. In "Trovatore," Alberti, Avedona, Mary Linck and Anna Lichter make a very strong combination. The suave Alberti strengthens the hold he gained on people last week, by his distinguished performance of the *Count di Luna*. He makes thrilling vocal effects, and the grace and ease of his acting add much to the effectiveness of his work. He is past-master in the art of posing, and succeeds in impressing his audience to such a degree by his acting and attitudinizing, that even were he but a mediocre vocalist he would still find favor with the people.

Avedona sings heroically and evidently does not go in for anything in the "stage beauty" line. He scorns "lifts" or any other appliance that might give him less of the appearance of a huge Bologna sausage, but plunges into the part of the *Troubadour* with overwhelming vocal vigor and force.

Mary Linck's *Azucena* is, vocally and dramatically, even stronger than when we

heard it two years ago, and Anna Lichter fully satisfied all who judge their *Leonoras* by the standard set by Mr. Savage's prime *donne*.

"Lucia" shows Frida Ricci to much better advantage than "Gioconda," and the "mad scene" aroused the usual enthusiasm. Harry Luckstone's excellent *Henry Ashton* we know well, as we do also W. H. Clarke's *Bide-the-bent*.

Gordon's *Edgar* is a thing of rare tonal beauty, and others in the cast contribute to the general excellence of the performance.

The work of the chorus in both operas is great. There is a most satisfying volume and unanimity of tone, and the general behavior of this large body is altogether exemplary.

Both performances attest excellence and thoroughness on the part of the stage manager and musical director.

Mr. Ritter's scenery, as usual, is irreproachable. *The Lounger*.

## WORLD'S FAIR CHORUS

Manager Rice, of the World's Fair chorus, is pleased with the outlook, both from an artistic and financial standpoint, for the first concert, December 5th, at the Odeon. The chorus and soloists have done careful and conscientious work under the direction of Mr. Frederick Fisher. A finer programme than that for the first Concert would be hard to find. A quintette of soloists such as is seldom heard out of Grand Opera, consisting of Bertha Winslow Fitch, soprano; Helen Fay Gettrust, contralto; Geo. C. Carrie, tenor; Leslie Fitch, baritone, and John A. Rohan, basso, assisted by a chorus of five-hundred voices will handle the prayer from "Lohengrin." The programme is to consist of Cowan's Bridal Chorus, Mozart's "Ara Virum" and the "Gloria" from the twelfth mass, Wagner's "Prayer" and finale from "Lohengrin," Brucks "Fair Ellen" Schiras' "Boatmen's Good Night," with solo numbers by members of the quintette. Mr. P. G. Anton, cello, and Paul J. Bierman, organist. Mr. Louis Hammerstein will preside at the piano.

## GRAU GRAND OPERA CO.

Beginning Wednesday, Dec. 11th, and continuing for three nights, (with Thursday matinee,) the Grau Opera Co. will take possession of Music Hall stage. There is no company on the road comparable in any respect with the Metropolitan Opera House Co., the troupe numbering two-hundred, and requiring some fifteen or twenty large transfer wagons to move their belongings. Mr. Grau intends to surprise his St. Louis patrons with the splendor and completeness of his productions, under the management of the veteran Mr. Sam Kronberg. Most of the world's greatest singers are included among the artists billed to appear here. Among them are Mmes. Calve, Eames, Galski, Sanderson and Sembrich, all universally known, with Miss Bauermeister, Miss Bridewill, Mmes. Van Cauteren, Louise Homer and many others. Among the tenors are Salignac, Dippel, Campanari and De Marchi, and the greatest of all great bassos, Edward De Reszke. Wednesday evening "Carmen" will be the bill. Thursday (the only matinee,) "Tannhauser" will be presented. Thursday evening "Faust," and Friday evening "Aida" will close the season. From all indications a big week's business will be done.

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THE ARTIST'S GUILD.

Every one interested in finding out to what an extent there is an art life in St. Louis should visit the Artists' Guild exhibition at Strauss' Studio. The work there exhibited, under high Society auspices, is of an exceptionally excellent quality which the MIRROR would more extensively celebrate here but for lack of space. To see the work, however, is more informing than to read about it, and all lovers of art should make a point of seeing it. There are a dozen pictures in the collection that are of the very first class. No city in the union outside of New York could make a finer showing of the work of resident artists, and the connoisseur will overlook a chance to secure some splendid specimens if he doesn't inspect the exhibition at Strauss' Studio.

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THE NORDICA RECITAL.

Lillian Nordica, the great Wagnerian interpreter, the opener of German Theatres dedicated to the "Music of the Future," the heroine in every opera of world-wide fame heard during the last 15 years, is going to treat her St. Louis audience at the Odeon on the evening of Dec. 9, to a coon song. Nordica's coon song is the work of Frank L. Stanton and the late Ethelbert Nevin. Mme. Nordica sings it as an encore. The hope has been expressed that she will include among her encores the famous Polonaise from "Mignon" and the Liebestodt from "Tristan and Isolde," two entirely opposite compositions and destined to show the versatility of the artist even more than the great Hungarian Aria by Erkel and Mr. Nevin's "Dearest Lille Fellow."

CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Verdi's Requiem by the Choral Symphony Society at the Odeon to-night! The chorus is in fine shape, the orchestra has been carefully rehearsed and the soloists promise to be altogether satisfactory. Mrs. Zimmerman the soprano, Mortimer Howard the tenor and Whitney Tew the basso are new here, but from all accounts should give a fine interpretation of the roles for which they are engaged. Miss Ringen's work in the "Requiem" is well remembered and requires no comment at present.

For the second concert, Campanari, the famous baritone, is announced.

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A peculiar richness of color, sonority, a pure, singing, violin-like quality in all its registers, are some of its characteristics.

The deep, sombre tones of the bass contrast beautifully with the genuine tenor and treble timbres. A perfect mechanism gives a remarkable degree of spontaneity to the tone. Unlike in other pianoforte makes, there is no whack of the hammer and the tone seems to roll forth without effort on the part of the player. The most perfect gradation from *pianissimo* with the open pedal, to the fullest power seems to be controlled by the mere play of the finger-tips, with no suggestion of strain.

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"Don't you think it's warm?" inquired a Colorado man. "Not especially." "Well, I s'pose it's because I've got my winter flannels on. I always buy six red flannel undershirts in September, and put one on. In October I put on another, in November another." "What! Not over the rest?" "Yes, over the rest. In December another, and so on until the 1st of March, when I take off the top one; in April I take another off, and so on till I take off the last one." "Then what do you do?" "I take a bath."

JEFFERSON'S MONTICELLO, in his day, was the most elegant private residence in America. "The Monticello," at King's Highway and West Pine boulevard, is to-day the most elegant family hotel in St. Louis.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At the Century, beginning Sunday evening, December 1st, the Bostonians will present "Maid Marian," the new opera by Reginald DeKoven and Harry B. Smith. It is a sequel to "Robin Hood," in which the pranks of the Sheriff of Nottingham and Friar Tuck in "Robin Hood" are continued. The scene is laid in Palestine. The interpretation of this opera will enlist the services of Henry Clay Barnabee, W. H. McDonald, Geo. Frothingham, Josephine Bartlett and W. H. Fitzgerald. Grace Van Studdiford, well known in St. Louis, will sing the role of Maid Marian. Belle Harper, remembered as the soprano with the Augustin Daly Musical Company; Albert Parr and Vernon Stiles, tenors; Adele Rafter, a young contralto, Allan Hinckley, basso; MacDonald Dorrington, baritone, May Lutz, Frances Miller, J. J. Martin and others will also be in the cast. A chorus of eighty voices under the direction of S. L. Studley, will be a feature in "Maid Marian." A special will be sung on Wednesday.

"The Hot Time Minstrels" will give their annual musical entertainment at the Odeon, Friday evening, Dec. 29. While there will be touches of rag time to the program, the greater portion of the music will be of a higher order. Some of the best vocalists in St. Louis will take part. Mr. Lackland will sing a comic song, disguised as a chef, which will be appropriate, as the stage setting of the minstrel portion will be a banquet hall with the singers seated about the festal board, Mr. Desberger presiding as toastmaster, and the end men acting as waiters. The first part of the entertainment will have Henry Willis Newton, tenor, of Chicago, as the feature. It will also include a black face comedy sketch, entitled "Hungry." Seats are on sale at Bollman's, 1100 Olive street.

For the third week of grand opera, at popular prices, Manager Southwell at Music Hall has selected one of the favorites of the past two seasons: Giuseppe Verdi's "Aida." The following principals will alternate in the cast: Lichter, Linck, Avedano, Alberti, Gordon, Luckstone,

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Miss Mary Linck, by permission of Mr. Chas. M. Southwell of the Southwell Opera Co., will sing next Sunday, December 1st, in the "Pop" concert at the Odeon.

Sam Devere's "Own Company," at the Standard, this week, is attracting large audiences. Mr. Devere sings a number of songs that are not to be repeated in the drawing room, still they please the patrons of the play-house. The

Troubadour Four were well received. The Phases Troupe, from London, introduced a number of pretty, well trained girls, who sang and danced with sprightliness. An Arabian acrobatic act won well merited applause. An absurdity called "The Cloak Models," and which included the entire company, closed the performance. "Royal Burlesquers" are underlined for next week.

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## NEW BOOKS.

"Lives of the Hunted," by Ernest Seton-Thompson, is a series of stories of animals and birds in which the author enlists one's sympathies with the dumb creatures, whether overcome by the subtler craft of man or by superior strength, and, further, one's interest is heightened by the assurance that the material of the various narratives is true. One liberty only is taken, Mr. Thompson avers, viz: in ascribing to one animal the adventures of several. The initial story, "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," is admirably told. First the reader's sense of the beautiful is appealed to in the exquisite pen pictures drawn of the mountain scenery; then the joyous life of the ewe lamb is depicted and one sees its progress, from infancy to grown up sheep or ram, with much the same interest evoked by study of the child mind's development. But it is the last part of *Krag's* career that is most absorbing. The persistent hunter's long pursuit of the sagacious creature and the adroitness with which the noble animal eludes his pursuer's many cunningly contrived traps, are described in a manner of exceptional brilliance. There is no attempt at preachment of how cruelly wrong it is relentlessly to hunt the wild habitants of the woods; the story is simply interestingly recounted, and when it is terminated one feels it has done more for the cause of mercy to dumb brutes than whole volumes of sermons. *Krag* commands your admiration, your heartfelt sympathy. *Scotty*, the hunter, merits your contempt, for, as long as open chase or even the many tricks of "doubling back" were resorted to, the animal proved the equal of man; it was only when base subterfuge was brought into play, that the ram was outwitted. And, after all, *Scotty's* victory was but a poor triumph, for when he views *Krag's* lifeless form, he, the man of few words, "uttered only a torrent of horrid blasphemies, his one emotional outburst," and then, 'I'd give it back to him if I could.' " "A Street Troubadour" tells of the adventures of an escaped cock-sparrow from his prison home among a brood of canaries and how, when he emerges into the world, his dreams of the beatitudes of freedom are rudely dispelled; of his meek submission to his chosen mate, the little white-winged Biddy sparrow, and of his ultimate capture and return to his original owner. While not comparable with the first story, "A Street Troubadour" is quite entertaining; indeed its simplicity is its chief charm. *Jonny Bear* and his

numerous antics, as told in the story of that name, are very comical, and, to children, boys especially, will prove very amusing, for the narrative possesses that most irresistible of all attributes; it's about a "real, sure 'nough, live bear!" or, to be more accurate, about several bears. The final story, "Why the Chicadee Goes Crazy Once a Year," a kind of legend of that merry little songster, and a departure from the author's usual style, in which he uses the fabulist's method, making the birds talk, is, though short, very pretty and quite as delectable as the many other interesting and unmentioned narratives. "Lives of the Hunted," printed on hand-made, deckle-edged paper, is beautifully bound, while the marginal and page illustrations, so handsomely wrought, will be a source of delight to the connoisseur. (Charles Scribner's Sons, publisher, New York. Price \$1.75.)

A delightful volume, by Dallas Lore Sharp, and one that should be perused in conjunction with "Lives of the Hunted," is "Wild Life Near Home." This, too, is a series of short stories of animals and birds, yet, withal, distinctively his, the author's, own style and very different from Mr. Thompson's book. "In Persimmon Time," related partly in a sort of colloquial fashion and in the first person, the writer tells of his hunt for Br'er Possum, one frosty night, in the woods of old New Jersey, with *Uncle Jethro*, the negro, and *Calamity*, "das de dorg," as companions. There is a certain indefinable charm about the story that makes one fancy he is in close touch with the author and enthusiastically the reader acquiesces with *Uncle Jethro*, that possums and persimmons "is bofe good fruit." Mr. Sharp knows the possum's life perfectly, and his presentation of his observations of the little animal's many wily habits, bespeaks something more than mere keen-sightedness, bespeaks a sympathy, a fancy, a humor that but few could bring to the treatment of such a subject. The old darky with his unbounded faith in *Calamity*, is wonderfully

The Second Version of Edward FitzGerald's Translations from Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Messrs. Van Vechten & Ellis beg to announce the issue at The Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, of a quarto edition of FitzGerald's Second Version of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, on L. L. Brown handmade paper, pages 9 1/2 x 12, bordered with an old Persian design, with antique types, printed anopistograph and bound in antique boards, boxed. Price, Five Dollars. They would be glad to send a copy for you to see, upon request, and will pay return charges if you do not care to purchase it.

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true to nature. As Mr. Sharp depicts him, *Uncle Jethro* is to New Jersey what *Uncle Remus* is to the South. Nor has he eliminated the poetic from his narrative, for, in what might be termed the prelude, he draws a pen picture of the beauties of a November wood that is very pleasing. What sympathy for poor little birds, in cold, bleak winter, the perusal of "Birds' Winter Nests" elicits! Herein one may obtain, in a few moments, more actual knowledge of the lives, peculiarities and habits of birds than would be gleaned in hours of patient poring over the prosy papers of some learned naturalist. "Some Snug Beds" not only includes the cozy habitats of birds but of various species of mice. One marvels at the intelligence and sagacity of the feathered and soft-furred creatures. These and "Mus' rattin'," "The October Moon" and "A Buzzard's Banquet" are among the best in this collection of invariably interesting narratives. The book, sympathetically illustrated by Bruce Horsfall, with head and foot pieces, marginal sketches and full page pictures, is beautifully bound, having an exceptionally handsome cover, bearing an appropriate and artistic design, in white, red and black, printed on a delicate blue-gray background. (The Century Co., publishers, New York. Price, \$2.00.)

"Tales of Dunstable Weir," by "Zack," is about as queer a collection of short stories as one could imagine it possible to emanate from the same brain. "Benjamin Parrot's Fancy" is quite comical. Some of the sayings are very droll, eliciting in the reader a sort of inward chuckle rather than a hearty laugh, and the dryness of the wit is accentuated by the English dialect. "The Hall and

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He" tells of the trials of a boy of "quality" placed, from early childhood, among people of plebeian birth. There is nothing in the narrative to hold one's interest saving the one peculiarity that the hero, throughout, has no name. Nevertheless it is lucidly told and to those who like to read of unnatural creatures who always do the opposite to what ordinary beings do, it may prove very entertaining. The wit is rather weak and common place. "Crooksie" draws a picture of child-life that is dun-colored. One is left with an unpleasant impression, almost approaching the uncanny. The wit is brutal, the whole thing forced—unwholesome. "Village Pump Fewins" is funny. "The Right of Way," "Mary Amelia Spot" and "The Sisters" complete the tales. If perused merely to while away a few idle hours, "Tales of Dunstable Weir" might be considered passingly interesting, but don't attempt them in a critical mood. They are disillusioning, especially if you have felt the fine quality of "Zack's" earlier book of tragedies, called "Life is Life." (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.)

"Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess," by Evalyn Emerson, is only moderately entertaining. The hero is at first engaged to a girl with absolutely no pride, a girl who wished to marry a man whom she knew did not return her love, and worse, whom she knew was in love with another woman. When released from his rksome engagement, he again meets the girl of his choice, *Sylvia*, and because she is in different circumstances than when they first met, he does not recognize her and then makes more trouble by endeavoring to remain true to his first ideal and rejecting the love of the handsomest woman in Europe. They do not become lovers until the day of *Sylvia's* marriage to a suitor whom she accepted out of sheer pity. An obliging flash of lightning, however, kills the husband, the same evening, and, one is left to suppose that the lovers marry. In the book there are twelve pictures of famous artists' conceptions of "the most beautiful woman in Europe" with a detachable coupon for the purpose of sending to the publishers your guess as to which one you think the most beautiful. The one guessing correctly will receive a prize of \$500. Outside of the contest, and that is vilely vulgar and cheap, there is nothing "worth while" in the book. (Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.)

The reading of "Lias's Wife, a religious story of deep heart interest, by Martha Baker Dunn, with its quaint New England characters, leaves quite as sweet and wholesome impressions as did "Memory Street," the authoress' earlier work. The termination of the story is wholly uplifting, and yet, although it seems to be caviling at something very fine to make such a declaration, one feels disappointed that the end was not otherwise. True, it is a happy culmination, but so etherealized, so to speak, so far above the majority's idea of happiness, that one wishes it might have been more material. The idiom of the homely Maine folk is faithfully reproduced, and is indeed one of the book's chief charms. Miss Dunn's delineation of these simple people is wonderfully life-like. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.25.)

A volume which will prove a source of delight to the many devotees of the great god, Nick O'Teen, compiled by John Bain, under

the caption, "Tobacco in Song and Story," comprises such a varied selection of verse, anecdote and general misscally sounding the praises of the beloved weed, that it were a veritable old grumbler who could not find therein some little squib that pleased. The

smoker of a clay pipe may find as much solace in its pages as the fellow who regales himself with the finest "filler" ever purchased. The priest of Partagas will find therein many a terse argument to offset any croaking, adverse remarks likely to be made

about his indulging in the innocent enjoyment of a good smoke. Mr. Bain's compilation is a careful one. (H. M. Caldwell & Co., publishers, New York and Boston, Mass.)

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## THEATRICALS.

BEN HUR'S SECOND WEEK.

The performers in the "Ben-Hur" company were greeted by almost as large an audience at the opening of their second week's engagement as they were on the evening of their initial appearance and news from the Olympic box office is that the third week is sold out to the very last seat for the last night. The star of the East, the magnificent storm at sea, the Grove of Daphne, with its dancing and singing sirens, the beautiful moonlight scene by the lake, all these splendid scenic effects were accorded enthusiastic applause. But the climax of the play! the race! Every nerve is attuned to the highest pitch of expectancy and though it is known that *Ben Hur* has to win in accordance with the demands of the plot it does not detract from the excitement one iota. Every one holds the breath. Something might happen and the Jew lose, but no, just at the last moment *Ben Hur*'s steeds forge to the front and the race is won. Here enthusiastic applause does not suffice, one must need give voice to one's feelings. How the audience does cheer! The closing scene wherein the Nazarene is symbolized by a wonderfully brilliant shaft of pure white light and where the lepers are cleansed is deeply impressive. It is here the auditors tender the greatest compiment; in their profound and awed silence. "Ben Hur" is a play which leaves a lasting impress, something to take home and think over, to revel in. William

Farnum's *Ben Hur* is full of life, bouyancy; at times, an ideal conception. It is difficult to imagine any one other than Mr. Farnum enacting the title role, so completely does he realize the hero along the lines of the popular view of the character from the pages of Lew Wallace's great novel. There are times, naturally, as a result of the melodramatic tinge of the tale, when *Ben Hur* lapses into rather disappointing theatricality, even rhodomontade, but there are purple patches of acting in which force and finish are so blended as to make the impersonation more vital with the truth of time and place and personality than almost any other on the contemporary stage. Henry Jewett merges into *Simonides* almost completely, but his ego obtrudes itself marringly now and then, though never for very long, and in the moments of his recovery from himself his *Simonides* again dominates and Mr. Jewett demonstrates that he is an actor of no mean ability. The oftener it is seen the more the cast impresses itself upon the spectator as a nicely balanced one. "Ben Hur" is not a dramatic masterpiece. It has its strong taint of shoddy and fustian and religious claptrap, but nevertheless it has qualities which, in the hands of competent actors, are capable of such treatment as can render it dramatically, no less than scenically, one of the most effective plays ever produced on the American stage.

M. F. S.

## THE GERMAN DRAMA.

A large audience, comprising quite a number of Americans who are endeavoring to master the German tongue, witnessed at the Germania theatre, Sunday evening, Riamund's musical farce, "The Spendthrift." The play was very pleasing and Kruetzer's music, as rendered by Herr Rautenberg and his capable orchestra, was quite effective. "The Two Lenores," produced Wednesday evening, was well received. Sunday, December 1st, the musical folk play, by Hugo Mueller, "Heydeman und Sohn" will be presented. The latest success "Ewige Liebe" will be the offering for Wednesday evening, December 4th.

JAMES O'NEILL.

James O'Neill is once more at the Century Theater, and delighting large audiences with his almost classical production of "Monte Christo." There is a peculiar fascination to this play which age cannot wither nor custom stale. Although it has been seen so many, many times, and is so well-known to every theater-goer, there is no diminution in its popularity. The play appeals principally to the imagination, of course; it is very melodramatic in construction and development, yet it never fails to arouse the interest of even the most jaded patron of histrionic art. There is nothing offensive in it, nothing vulgar and nothing that could be regarded as dull and banale. The play is virile, boyishly fresh, a mixture of healthy pathos and humor.

It would be futile supererogation to say anything special about the impersonation of the hero, *Edmond Dantes*, by James O'Neill. The gifted actor is as well identified with it, one might say, as Joseph Jefferson with *Rip Van Winkle*. The role is rendered with the customary earnestness, dash, bouyancy and artistic technique. Mr. O'Neill received several curtain-calls; inveigled into a little impromptu speech, he ventured to remark that he would return next season with a new play, which, he hoped, would prove a great success.

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## BOOKS

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The *Caderousse* of W. J. Dixon is received with storms of applause. Frederic de Belleville, as *Nortier*, is exceptionally good. The role of *Mercedes* is given by Selene Johnson. Jas. O'Neill, Jr., makes a hit as *Albert de Morcerf*. The other members of the cast are very conscientious in their work.

Scenic effects are, as usual, up-to-date in realism. The costumes are appropriate to the times. The conservatory and ballroom in the Hotel de Morcerf, in the fourth act, is a scene of gorgeous splendor. It was arranged by Ernest Albert. As a feast for the eyes, it cannot be excelled.

Superfluous hairs, moles etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Electrical facial massage for wrinkles, pimples and flabby skin. Mrs. Myra Field, 347 Century Building. Branch of New York Office.

## ACCOUNTANTS.

Mr. Waldo Haskins and Elijah Watt Sells, of the widely known firm of Haskins & Sells, Certified Public Accountants, will establish, about the 1st of January, 1902, an office in this city. Mr. Haskins is Dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, of the New York University, and both he and Mr. Sells being honorary members of the Association of American Railway Accounting Officers of the United States, by reason of former service as Auditors of various railway companies, these facts should be of themselves sufficient guarantee as to their expertness in such delicate matters as are involved in the examination and elucidation of accounts. They employ a large force of experienced accountants, many of whom are Certified Public Accountants, and all of whom are qualified to perform any work, however intricate, pertaining to corporate or municipal accounting. The firm has recently examined the financial records of Missouri for thirty years to the satisfaction of the State officials.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.



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### THE STOCK MARKET.

A sudden drop in sterling exchange, an improved monetary condition and a temporary cessation of gold exports resulted in renewed bullish activity and higher prices throughout the list. In spite of some very weak spots cropping out occasionally, the syndicates found little difficulty in raising values; their efforts were facilitated by covering of short lines by nervous, scared bears. Manipulation was, of course, very much in evidence again, especially in the traction, coal and Vanderbilt issues. The last-named group improved to a very material extent on renewed talk of an approaching consolidation of all the various lines on a plan similar to the one adopted in the Northwest. New York Central advanced to 173, the highest price on record, or three points above the top-notch of last spring. It is expected that the stock will go higher; there is a powerful pool at work, and it looks, at this writing, as if the predictions, made in these columns at various times in the past six months, that the stock would eventually sell at 200, were approaching materialization. The New York Central has large and most valuable equities in the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Big Four, Nickel Plate and Lake Erie & Western, also Boston & Albany shares. The various affiliated lines are in a very prosperous condition; they are increasing their dividend-rates, and larger payments will, of course, redound to the benefit of the New York Central. There is also a strong belief that the dividend on New York Central stock will soon be enlarged; the present rate is 5 per cent. per annum, but the company is earning sufficient to be warranted in placing the stock on at least a 6 or 7 per cent. basis. People looking for investments will find it to their interest to look closely into the merits of the various Vanderbilt shares.

Among the coal stocks, Reading common was easily the leader in strength and activity. There were also sharp gains in Delaware & Hudson, Jersey Central and D., Lackawanna & Western. Transactions in Reading common were significantly heavy; the stock rose to 52, the highest price it ever sold at. There has been a little reaction since, but the action of the shares suggests the surmise that the highest has not yet been seen. Erie common continues to lag behind in the procession, but it is expected that it will soon adopt a different tune. The pool is accumulating it, and it is very likely that the stock will be advanced, after Reading common has come to a temporary standstill. Rest assured that Morgan will do his best to make things interesting in the Erie group, and that in the near future.

There is a lot of bull talk on Ontario & Western. The stock has not been very strong or active in the last few days, but acts in a very suspicious manner. It seems that somebody is accumulating it, in anticipation of important developments. As stated here last week, the stock is not cheap at 36 1/4, but if some other big system is after the Ontario & Western, the price will easily creep up to 50. It may be advisable to buy a little on any reaction. Norfolk & Western crossed 60 1/2; this is the highest price on record for common stock. Pennsylvania people are said to be increasing their holdings of these and also of Chesapeake & Ohio shares. Among the low-priced issues, these two seem to be very attractive and promising stocks. There is quite a stir in these

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bituminous coal shares, also in Hocking Valley, owing to prospective heavy exports of coal to Europe, especially to France, where strike troubles at Montceaux les Mines and elsewhere are curtailing coal production. Hocking Valley common rose to 60 1/2 a few days ago; as a 3 per cent stock, on which about 7 per cent is being earned, it is undoubtedly a reasonably safe purchase for investment. It is, however, no speculative favorite, because it is in the inactive list.

Union Pacific common and St. Paul are still keeping the "street" guessing. There is an extensive short interest in these shares, and the probabilities are that the cliques will put the quotations a good many points higher, in the absence of countervailing influence. Less attention is now being paid to legislative opposition to the Northwestern railroad "deal;" Wall street is affecting optimism

again, because exigencies require it. Pessimism has, temporarily, gone out of fashion, to return, when it suits the manipulators and syndicates. Southern Pacific still sympathizes with Union Pacific, but may be expected to strike out for itself before a great while. It will surely sell at 75 or 80; Harriman and his friends will not neglect their investment. They will make it as valuable as possible and begin dividend payments as soon as circumstances warrant it.

Missouri Pacific, Texas & Pacific, Wabash, St. Louis & S. F., Cotton Belt and Toledo, St. Louis & W. are now "tipped" for a good rise. The Gould properties will, it is said, also be amalgamated; plans are now being perfected in that direction. Missouri Pacific has acted in a very sluggish manner, so far, but insiders are buying it and predicting much higher prices for their favorite. The earnings of the company are still very



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#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 1/2	-103
Park 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	109	-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O. April 10, 1906	110	-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D. June 25, 1907	102 1/2	-103
" 4	A. O. April 10, 1908	104	-105 1/2
" 4	J. J. July 1, 1918	111	-112
" 4	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104	-105
" 4	M. S. June 2, 1920	104	-106
" 4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107	-108
" 4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/2	-108 1/2
" 4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/2	-110
" 4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109	-110
" 3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104	-105
" 3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102 1/2	-103 1/2

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

#### ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/2	-105 1/2
" 3 1/2	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102	-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. D. June 1, 1920	104	-106
" 4	A. J. April 1, 1914	104	-106
" 4 5-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103
" 4 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108	-105
" 4 15-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
" 4	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106
" 4 10-20	J. D. July 1, 1919	105	-107
" 4 10-20	J. D. June 1, 1920	104	-106
" 3 1/2	J. J. July 1, 1921	101	-103

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105 - 105 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	101 - 103
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95 - 100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101
Kinlock Tel. Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	105 - 105 1/2
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/2 - 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 1/2 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 - 114
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	95 1/2 - 96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 - 101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94 1/2 - 95
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	89 1/2 - 90 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 91
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/2 - 105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 - 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300 - 302
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	225 - 226
Bremen Sav.	100	Oct. 1901 6 SA	265 - 270
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	256 - 258
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	30 - 32
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	289 - 295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	320 - 325
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 6 SA	750 - 800
International	100	Sept. 1901 1 1/2 qy	148 - 150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3 p.c. SA	170 - 175
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 5 SA	225 - 235
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	241 - 243
Merch.-Laclede	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	130 - 150
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	333 - 334
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	121 - 123
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	138 - 142
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	110 - 115
Southern com.	100	July 1901, 8 SA	209 - 212
State National	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2 qy	240 - 241
Third National	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	240 - 241

\* Quoted 100 for par

### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	348 - 349
Lincoln	100	Oct. '01, S.A. 3	292 - 291
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2 1/2 qy	465 - 467
St. Louis	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	343 - 345
Title Trust	100		149 - 150
Union	100	Nov. '01, 8	390 - 395
Mercantile	100	Nov. '01, 1, Mo.	428 - 429
Missouri Trust	100		141 - 142

### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J. 1912	102 1/2 - 103
10-20s 5s	J. & J. 1907	169 - 111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105 - 107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109 - 108 1/2
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 116 1/2
Comp. Heights, U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 116 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 - 106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 - 103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 - 103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 - 101
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 - 107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100 1/2 - 101 1/2
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102 - 103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		95 - 98
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 105 - 105 1/2
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 - 120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 - 115 1/2
do Merimac Rv. 6s		1914
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104 - 106
Southern 1st 6s		1909 106 - 108
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107 - 108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121 - 122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1 1/2	89 - 89 1/2
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	90 1/2 - 91
" 4 p.c. 50s		30 1/2 - 30 3/4
St. Louis Transit		

### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	237 - 238

### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	15 - 16
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	46 - 47
Am. Car. & Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2	27 - 28
" Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	84 - 85
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	40 - 60
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	128 - 131
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO.	18 - 20
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901 1	128 - 130
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO	297 - 302
Granite Bt. Metal	100	Oct. 1901, 1	85 - 90
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Feb. '01, 1	40 - 45
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '01, 1	110 - 115
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901, 1	112 - 115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	93 - 94
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Feb. 1901 2 p.c.	108 - 104
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2 1/2	55 1/2 - 56
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		19 - 20
Mo. Edison com.	100		100 - 101
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01, 1 1/2 qy	97 - 101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01, 2 p.c.	66 - 70
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	139 - 142
Simmons do pl.	100	Mar. 1901 4 SA	140 - 147
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2 qy	18 - 20
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Jan. '00, 4 p.c.	47 - 48 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan. '99 3 p.c.	43 - 44
St. L. Brew Com.	100	Sept. '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Dec. '96, 2	2 - 5
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72 - 75
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Aug. '01, 2 qy	135 - 145
Union Dairy	100	Oct. '01, qy	220 - 240
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	June 1901, 7 1/2	178 - 174
Westhaus Brake	50	Consolidated	49 - 50
" Coupler			

heavy; the surplus is increasing rapidly and substantially, and there is not the least doubt about the ability of the company to pay the 5 per cent rate indefinitely.

Amalgamated Copper experienced a sudden and sharp drop last Saturday on rumors, emanating from Washington, that the Attorney General of the United States would soon begin proceedings against the copper and other combines. The rumors were, of course, promptly contradicted or disavowed by the Attorney General, but they had their effect, nevertheless. Amalgamated Copper continues to be one of the weakest stocks on the list. Besides legal difficulties, the trust is fighting against tremendous odds in trying to maintain the price of copper at 17, when the actual value is only about 12. Something is going to drop, and that before a great while. The law of supply and demand cannot be defied indefinitely. Any further sharp break in Amalgamated Copper (the stock is now selling at 80, the lowest price it ever touched) would have a very depressing effect on the whole list, on account of the fact that the Standard Oil people are prominently identified with the trust. The weakness in the shares has frequently created the impression that the Rockefeller are fighting the advance and endeavoring to break the whole market.

There is considerable uneasiness in Wall street circles about the intentions of the Roosevelt administration in reference to trusts, although leading authorities are agreed that nothing of a radical, confiscatory or startling nature will be done or suggested. It is being recognized, in conservative quarters, that the President will do nothing that might disturb confidence in commercial or financial matters. However, if he should ever come to the conclusion that something must be done to curb corporate greed and selfishness, he will, undoubtedly, be totally indifferent as to the probable results of any action he might take upon values and speculative clique plans in Wall street.

Foreign markets are not improving to any extent. They are still floundering and depressed. British consols are as low and as weak as ever. New loans are a certainty. The Bank of England is trying to make its official rate of discount effective in the open market, and strengthening its reserves. The London stock market is manipulated from New York, but shows little activity. There is no public interest in speculative proceedings, and British railroad shares are utterly neglected. Lombard street believes that further gold exports from New York will be witnessed in the next few weeks.

Technical conditions favor a further advance in stocks above named, also in Louisville & Nashville and Southern Railway. One must, however, keep a close eye on the vulnerable spots. The bears are on the alert and looking for trouble.

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The course of prices on the New York stock exchange has a good deal of influence

on the local market nowadays. New York's ups and downs are promptly reflected here. While there is a good deal of bullish feeling and confidence in St. Louis securities, buyers are more cautious, and inclined to buy only on occasional reactions. Bull "tips" on bank and trust company shares are still very abundant; they may be had for the asking. Anybody you meet on Fourth street will be able to furnish you a "tip;" there is something new every day. The speculative light-weights are willing to buy anything as long as the promise of profits is held out, no matter what the price or investment return is.

There is some apprehension that the trust company business is being overdone. Too many new companies are springing up. They now say that a new concern will be formed which is to confine itself to German-Americans. Before long, we will have a trust company for the Italian-American, the Irish-American, the Anglo-American, etc. It remains to be proved that St. Louis needs more companies of this kind. The test will come after the World's Fair slam-bang has subsided.

Missouri Trust, after a sudden decline from 145 to 132, rallied again to 146, and is now quoted at about 143. The buying is still good and persistent, and friends of the stock are willing to stake their reputation as market prophets on the prediction that Missouri Trust will soon sell at 200. Whether the stock is or will be worth such a figure is another question.

Bank of Commerce is now said to be slated for a sharp rise; the stock is steady at 333 bid, 335 asked. Title Guarantee Trust is also expected to go higher; the stock is selling freely at 150. Boatmen's, State National, Third National and American Exchange are slumbering, temporarily; there has been little doing in any of them in the past week.

Transit is lower, and quoted at 29 1/4 bid, 30 asked; United Railways preferred is steady at 88 1/2 asked; the 4 per cent bonds are lower and selling at 90 3/4.

Missouri-Edison issues are firming up; the common is now 19 bid, 20 asked, and the preferred 55 1/2 asked; the 5 per cent bonds are held at 95 1/2. Granite-Bimetallic is "slumpy;" the stock is irregular in its movements; manipulation is very much in evidence.

Bank clearances, last week were the largest on record. Money is in good demand. Sterling is lower and quoted at 4.88.

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." 1840-1901

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## A RELATIVE BY BORNATION.

A little miss of 5, living in Washington, conspired with her brother, aged 4, relates Victor Smith, to save enough pennies to buy papa and mamma presents. A friend of the family noticed that mamma's present was much finer and more expensive than papa's, and was impelled by curiosity to inquire why the bulk of the savings had been expended for the mother. The little miss replied: "Well, you see, papa is only related to we children by marriage, while mamma is our relative by bornation."

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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First Concert, Thursday Evening, November  
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Oratorio "REQUIEM" by Verdi.  
Chorus of 250 Voices and Orchestra of 60  
Instruments.

Soloists: Mrs. Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, soprano; Miss Jessie Ringen, contralto; Mr. Mortimer Howard, tenor; Mr. Whitney Tew, basso; Mr. Charles Galloway, organist.  
Tickets for sale at Bollman's. Parquet \$1.50; balcony, \$1.00 for the first two rows, and 75c for other balcony seats.

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HEYDEMANN UND SOHN  
By Hugo Mueller.  
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4th, 1901,  
The Latest Success

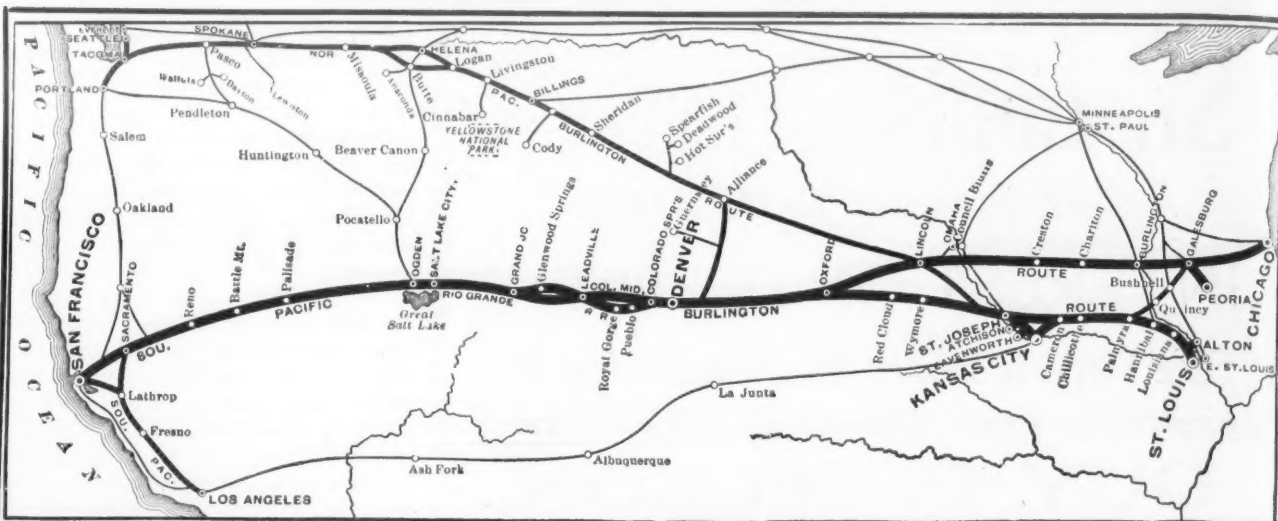
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It leaves St. Louis at 2:15 P. M. daily.  
It arrives Denver 3:15 P. M. next day.

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THIS WEEK,  
MR. JAMES

O'NEILL

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Monte  
Cristo

Matinees  
Thanksgiving Day  
and Saturday.

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,  
Second Week of

Klaw &  
Erlanger's

Production

Ben  
Hur

Matinees Thursday  
(Thanksgiving Day)  
and Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY  
NIGHT

THE

Bostonians

IN

Maid Marian

BY

Reginald DeKoven,

A Sequel to  
Robin Hood.

Seats on sale Thursday

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"THE ONLY ONE LEFT."

SAM DEVERE

Surrounded by AN ALL STAR CAST who are HEADLINERS.

NEXT WEEK,

Royal Burlesquers.

MUSIC HALL,

SOUTHWELL OPERA CO.,

Thursdays and  
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Friday Night, Thanksgiving  
and Saturday Matinees,

IL TROVATORE,

Next  
Week, AIDA.

POPULAR PRICES—Eves., \$1.00 to 25c, Wed. mat., 25c & 50c, Sat. mat., 25, 50, 75c.

ODEON, Monday, Dec. 9, Mme. Lillian Nordica

SONG RECITAL BY

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Tickets—Parquette, \$2.00; Balcony, \$1.50 and \$1.00; Boxes, \$15.00.

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EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:30. ALFRED G. ROBYN

MISS MARY LINCK, OF THE SOUTHWELL OPERA CO.,

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Admission to all parts of the house, 25 Cents.



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## Millinery Department.

The correct models can be had at Crawford's Millinery Dep't, for mid-winter styles, we can show you the proper idea, at the lowest prices.

All our Imported Models have been reduced from one-third to one-half from former prices.

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Ready to Wear Hats, just received a new lot. They are the \$6.50 kind, reduced down to.....\$4.98

Baby Caps and Bonnets—can show you the best selected stock in the city from.....\$1.00 to \$4.50



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For \$15.00—Ladies' fine Kersey and Oxford Gray Raglans and Newmarkets, fitted back. Were \$22.50 up to \$25.00. Our special price only.....\$15.00

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5-inch Pure Silk Fancy Ribbons in all colors, actually worth, yard, 65c, Sale Price, yard.....19c

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A beautiful line of satin hand-painted Glove and Handkerchief boxes, from.....25c to \$15.00

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A beautiful assortment of Scarfs, Lambrequins, Sofa Pillows and Center Pieces at very low prices.

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# Sonnets to a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey.

The New York *Times Saturday Review* is a publication the utterances of which are authoritative because uninfluenced by advertising or personal friendship for authors. Its book reviews are noted for their honesty of judgment, not less than for their literary excellence. This is what the New York *Times Saturday Review* of August 10th, 1901, says of "Sonnets To A Wife" by Ernest McGaffey:

IT is not at all easy to explain the nature of a successful sonnet. There is something subtle in the essence of this form, yet it is by no means difficult to recognize a good sonnet. These are indeed few, for the sonnet is the most inexorable form of poetry. To put into the unalterable arrangement of the fourteen lines a thought that shall justify its expression in this form and justify the form at the same time is not given to every one who has a faculty in other verse patterns. If the occasional sonneteer succeeds rarely, he who sets out to write a series of sonnets, addressed to one person and following one line of experience, will certainly make failures.

Of course, the reader will at once recall the wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning, but this series stands to-day as the single successful example of its kind. Petrarch's sonnets to his beloved Laura were not written in a formal series, and it must be recollected that he did not confine himself to this one form in praising his adored one. Shakespeare's sonnets were also written apparently without direct connection. So it must be admitted that when Mr. Ernest McGaffey wrote "Sonnets To A Wife," he undertook no light task. In a volume containing more than three-score sonnets, all addressed to one person, even though that person be a wife for whom the writer cherishes a beautiful love, there are sure to be some pretty poor specimens. Mr. McGaffey has undertaken to touch upon every phase and exfoliation of his adoration, with all its corollaries, and of course, he has fallen into some deep pitfalls.

But if his valleys are profound, his mountains are correspondingly lofty. We are not acquainted with other work of this author, who, we fancy, has made himself known through the columns of the newspapers of this city. We do not know how large or how long has been his training in the molding of English into the highest forms of expression. It seems fair to judge from his work that he has had less experience as a poet than as a lover. He has been bent on making known the depth and the breadth of his passion rather than on mastering all the technic of verse. But he has occasionally found perfect expression for some tender and beautiful thoughts, and he has, therefore, written some sonnets which deserve to live. Here is one entitled "Recollections":

To conjure up old memories; to say  
"Do you remember that in such a June  
An orchard, oriole sang to us a tune  
Melodiously from out a branching spray  
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day  
We saw the silver spectre of the moon  
Long after dawn and nearing unto noon,  
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and gray?"

These are love's echoes faintly heard and fine,  
But ever present, never dim nor mute,  
That you and I in comradeship do share;  
Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine,  
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,  
Though all the silver strings are shattered there.

In the book the word "to" is omitted from the third line, but Mr. McGaffey's ear is so true that we are sure that he never wrote the line without the word, and consequently have supplied it. The man who wrote that sonnet is a genuine poet, no matter if he failed with some of the others. And there are other sonnets quite as good as "Recollections," while happy lines and luminous phrases are sown prodigally through the handsomely printed pages. This little volume will be a dear companion to all who know the loveliness of love, to all who can appreciate the voicing of the best emotions that come to a man's heart. Women will find joy in its pages, for they set forth the kind of worship for which every woman craves. It may be that Mr. McGaffey will not again find inspiration to move his muse to such fine songs, but he may rest happy in the assurance that by these sonnets—at least those which show him at his best—he has earned a right to be classed among the most sincere and tender of our recent singers.

The book reviewed above is printed on hand-made paper, bound in white paper-vellum over boards and inserted in a slide case. It was printed in the office of the St. Louis MIRROR and is a model of chaste typography and all-around artistic book-making. It contains a foreword by the editor and proprietor of the MIRROR and it has been the most successful book of verse ever issued West of the Mississippi River.

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Susie M. Best,  
Katherine Lee Bates,  
Chauncey Thomas,  
Joe Cone,  
Margaret Lee,  
John DeLoss Underwood,  
Lucy Morris,  
Marvin Dana,  
Sophie Earl,  
Katherine J. Smith,  
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The Bohemian Publishing Co.,  
11 Columbia St., Boston, Mass.

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heater can be attached in  
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It is the best, the quickest,  
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# Another Oil Gusher

Has been opened at Red Fork, Indian Territory. The Oil shot to a height of forty feet above the mouth of the well.

This makes the second gusher that has been struck at Red Fork, which is located on the



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